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Mr. Robinson praying with the Puritans.



Indians shooting Arrows at the exploring party.

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THE
HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND,
ILLUSTRATED BY
TALES, SKETCHES, ANECDOTES, AND
ADVENTURES.



WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

BY LAMBERT LILLY, SCHOOLMASTER.

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PREFACE.

THIS is the second volume* of a series of works on American history, proposed to be published, for the benefit of children and youth, and with the design of furnishing a substitute for the works of fiction, now generally put into their hands. The first impulse of a child is to feed his imagination, and satiate his curiosity; and he, of course, lays hold of those books first, which best minister to his gratification in these respects.

*The first volume is entitled "The Story of the American Revolution, illustrated by Tales, Anecdotes, and Sketches; with many Engravings."—The other volumes will contain the Early History of the Middle States, the Early History of the Southern States, the History of the Western States, History of Mexico, History of the West Indies, History of South America, History of Discoveries in America.

A person of mature age may have learnt to act from other principles ; but children are impelled by their feelings and tastes, and we cannot change their nature. The only way to guide them safely through the first giddy paths of their existence, is to consult their nature, and conform to their dispositions ; and, while we do this, to be careful to sow the seeds of truth, which may afterwards ripen into a harvest of wisdom. In other words, when we put books into the hands of our children, to satisfy their thirst for novelty, let them be such as may fill their minds with knowledge, not bewilder them with the dreams of romance.

Such are the views with which this series of works is undertaken ; and no pains will be spared to execute them so as to answer the purpose for which they are designed. They will be abundantly illustrated with engravings, and the volumes will appear at intervals of about two months. It is intended, that the whole series shall embrace a complete history of the various countries on the American Continent.

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HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Some Account of the Puritans. Their Origin in England. Their Doctrines. The Manner in which they were treated. Escape of some of them to Holland. Anecdotes of their Passage.

NEW ENGLAND was first settled by people called Puritans. They were a remarkable set of men, and every thing that relates to them is interesting. I shall, therefore, in the first place, give you a short account of their origin, as a proper introduction to this work.

For many ages, all that part of Europe which is now most civilized—France, England, and other countries—was involved in the darkness of Popery. The pope of Rome was the head of the Roman Catholic religion; and to him several of the nations of Europe were subject in all religious matters.

In the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. and V. of England, that is, about four centuries since,

laws were enacted in that country, that *heretics* "should be burned to death before the people." They gave this title to all persons who did not conform to the Catholic faith. Thus, for example, if any persons refused the priests their regular tithes or wages, for serving them in religious matters, they were first imprisoned, and then put to death.

By a law of Henry V., whoever read the Scriptures in the mother tongue should forfeit lands, cattle and goods, and "be condemned for heretics to God, and most arrant traitors to the land." Hundreds had been punished for this offence when Henry VIII. came to the throne, early in the sixteenth century.

For several years, this monarch was a zealous Catholic, or at least professed to be so. He showed his zeal by encouraging the punishment of the heretics, as if fire could induce them to believe or disbelieve precisely as he did, or as he pretended to do, or as the pope of Rome might say was right.

It is said that he even wrote a book in reply to Martin Luther, the famous reformer, or opponent of the pope. There is not much doubt, however, that the book was written by somebody else. The king had his name printed in it, indeed, as the author; and the pope was so pleased with his Catholic zeal, that he gave him the title of "Defender of the Faith."

This was in 1521. The jester, whom the king

kept at court at this time, seeing the monarch overjoyed at something, asked him the occasion of it. The king said it was excited by his new title. "My good Harry," answered the jester, who was allowed all liberties, "my friend Harry, let me and thee defend each other; and let the faith alone to defend itself."

Whether this anecdote be true or not, the title is still retained by the kings of England. Not long after this, however, king Henry began to grow somewhat cooler towards the Catholic religion. It seems he had lived with his wife Catharine near twenty years, and had grown weary of her. He had fallen in love, also, with Anne Boleyn, a very beautiful woman. He now affected compunctions of conscience for having lived so long with Catharine, because she was his brother's widow.

He therefore applied to the pope for a divorce from her; but this was refused. He consulted with various Catholic universities of Europe, but these all discountenanced his wishes. He then declared himself and his kingdom independent of Rome, and himself "sole and supreme head of the church of England," and, soon after, married Anne Boleyn. But although Henry VIII. thus laid the foundation for what is called the Reformation in England, his views were, no doubt, personal and selfish. Nor was there, perhaps, any actual improvement in the church during his reign. The worship of images was continued. The people

were required by law to swear that the king was the head of the church. Some refused, however, and were punished as heretics. In Lincolnshire, 20,000 Papists rebelled, headed by a Catholic monk and a priest.

A law was passed, which, in substance, amounted to this—that the people should believe exactly what doctrines the king might propose. A second law enacted, that no person should “sing or rhyme contrary to said doctrines.” A third prohibited women, apprentices, and some others, from reading the New Testament. How far matters might have been carried by this “defender of the faith” it is not easy to say. His tyranny ended only with his life.

In the reign of his son, Edward VI., a violent division arose, in 1546, between a party who wished to retain all the ancient Popish dresses and ceremonies in the services of the English church, and another party, who wished to *purify* that church, by discarding them altogether. The latter were finally called Puritans. The dispute commenced in what would now be called trifles; but it soon led to serious differences.

The whole kingdom was divided. The country people were loath to part with their old sports, shows and processions, as established under the Papists. Many of them were still disposed to spend Sunday evening, after mass, as they had done of old, in leaping and playing blind-fold upon

the village commons ; but the better informed and more reflecting men were exceedingly opposed to these old customs.

Bishop Bucer could never be prevailed upon to wear even the Catholic surplice or square cap, according to a new law. He was asked why he refused. "Because," said he, "my head is not square." Doctor Hooper, who was made a bishop against his will, was imprisoned, and threatened with death, for not wearing the regular Catholic dress. Thus threatened, he finally consented to wear it whenever he preached in public. He appeared before the king, accordingly, with a square cap on his head, and a scarlet surplice reaching to his feet, over an inner garment of white linen, which covered his shoulders.

Queen Mary came to the throne in 1553. She was a Catholic ; and the carvers of images and crosses now drove a profitable trade. The Protestant preachers, generally, as well as the Puritans, were silenced. The law for burning heretics was revived.

In less than six years, 270 persons were burned, and more than 12,000 clergymen silenced or prevented from preaching. The bones of Fagius and Bucer, who had died long before, were dug up. These good men were formally summoned to appear, and give an account of their faith. Not obeying this order, of course, their bones were

burned for the heresy of those individuals to whom they once belonged.

Many, who loved their religion more than life, continued to profess it, however, though in secret. A congregation of 200 persons were accustomed to meet even in the centre of London. But they met only in the dead of the night. Being assembled once in a house on the bank of the Thames, they were discovered by their enemies, the Catholics. The house was so effectually surrounded and guarded by the latter, on the land side, that they thought themselves sure of their prey, and waited patiently till day-break. At that time, the building remained there indeed, but every one of the two hundred had escaped by water.

A worthy seaman, who belonged to the congregation, discovered their danger. He contrived to get out through a back door, leaped into the Thames, and swam for a boat. With this he soon returned, and, making oars of his shoes, and carrying away a dozen of the people at a time, as silently as possible, by way of the back door, he conveyed the whole company, in a few hours, to a place of safety. In the morning, the Papists found themselves rewarded for their patience by nothing but the empty house.

A few courageous clergymen, in remote counties, continued to preach, for a time, as they had done, wearing square caps, or round ones, or "but-



The Puritans escaping by night.

ton caps," or hats, or any other dress, as the case might be. Others fled into France and Flanders; and they continued to do so even during queen Elizabeth's reign, which lasted till 1603. That queen was a Protestant, indeed, but a very severe one. She would have all persons conform to the ceremonies of the English church, and persecuted vast numbers for refusing so to do. In 1566, many persons agreed, at all hazards, to separate from that church, and assemble for worship in private houses. Among these were the Puritans.

These persons still refused to observe the ceremonies and rites of the English church. They also disbelieved some of its doctrines, and were persecuted for this. In 1602, a large company of them in Lincolnshire determined to leave England for the Netherlands, or the Low Countries, as they were then generally called.

They left dwellings, lands, relatives, and every thing else near and dear to them, and assembled at a place near Boston, the capital of Lincolnshire, and a seaport. Vessels and harbors were barred against them by law, and they could therefore only procure a passage from the country by bribing some sea-captain, with all his crew. At length they made a bargain with a Boston ship-master, and hired his ship to embark at a certain day and place. They were all assembled accordingly. After many hours' anxious waiting, he came in the night time. He had made another bargain, how-

ever, with the searchers and other officers of government. They stood near by, and he delivered the passengers and goods into their hands.

The persecuted Puritans were put in boats, rifled, and searched even to their shirts. The women were treated with great rudeness, and the whole company were carried to Boston. Here they were tried by a magistrate, and imprisoned for a month, after which most of them were sent home; the rest were kept to be scoffed at by the populace.

Distressed, but not discouraged, a number of them agreed with a Dutch captain, the next spring, to carry them to Holland. He was to take them from a large common between Grimsby and Hull, remote from any village. The women, children and baggage were sent to the place in a small vessel. The men travelled by land. But, the small vessel arriving a day before the ship, and the sea being rough and the women sick, the seamen put into a small creek.

The ship came the next morning, but the small vessel was aground. That no time might be lost, the Dutch captain sent a boat ashore for some of the men, who had reached the appointed place by their land route, and were now waiting. As the boat was returning for a second load, the captain saw a great company of soldiers, horse and foot, coming down towards the shore.

He was frightened, weighed anchor, hoisted sail, and, having a fair, fresh wind, was soon out

of sight. The Puritans on board were of course separated from their wives and children; and without even a change of garments, or money in their pockets. They wept, and entreated the captain, but in vain. The men on shore escaped, excepting those only who chose to stay and suffer with the women and children.

Here was truly an affecting scene. A large number of women and children were driven by the soldiers from place to place. Some were faint and weary; some were suffering from hunger; and all were depressed with sorrow and disappointment. The condition of these Puritans was indeed lamentable. They had sold their homes, and the government was afraid to imprison such a number of people, whose excellence of character was admitted by all, and whose crime, if it was a crime, was only suspected. The public officers at length became anxious to get rid of them on any terms, and some good people were now interested in their favor. So, by one means and another, they were all finally enabled to cross over to Holland.

Here parents and children, husband and wife, once more came together. Those who embarked first had been tossed upon the ocean, in a dreadful storm, and driven on the coast of Norway. They saw neither sun, moon nor stars for seven days. At one time, the mariners supposed the ship to be sinking, and cried out, "*We sink! we sink!*" The water rushed in upon them, and the

gale dashed them up and down upon the slant and slippery deck, so that they were obliged to lash themselves to the masts and the railing of the ship.

The character of the Puritans appeared during this trying scene in its true light. They were alarmed but slightly. They gathered together, upon the deck, amid the roaring of the storm, and the dashing and foam of the ocean. Not a tear was shed by them; not a shriek nor a sigh came from one among them. They knelt together in the solemn darkness of midnight, and lifted their voices in prayer. The seamen were encouraged; they exerted themselves anew; the ship recovered herself; the storm gradually abated; and, in a few days, the whole company were put on shore at Amsterdam, with many warm tears of gratitude and delight.

CHAPTER II.

History of the Puritans in Holland. Their Departure from that Country. Their Passage to England; to America. Some Account of New England, as to Extent, and its History prior to the Coming of the Puritans.

THE Puritans remained at Amsterdam but a year, and then removed to Leyden. Here they resided twelve years, and acquired such a character for upright and peaceable conduct, that the

magistrates of the town spoke of them, at the end of that time, with great respect. The French who resided there, had been constantly quarrelling with the magistrates ; but “ these English,” said they, “ have lived among us twelve years ; and during all that time, not one lawsuit has there been against, or amongst them.”

They were poor ; but the Dutch, finding them honest and punctual, lent them money. They saw they were industrious, also, and so preferred them as customers. They found them faithful in work, and therefore employed them. But, with all these aids, it was very difficult for them to procure a living in that place. The stoutest of the Puritans found they could only support themselves and families from day to day ; and those who were advanced in life, had no other prospect than to die in poverty, and leave their families nearly destitute.

All this would have troubled them little, perhaps, on their own account ; but it prevented the English Puritans from coming over to join them. The morals of the people in the Low Countries, too, were loose, and the climate unhealthy. Beside this, the young members of their community were every day induced to enlist as soldiers, or sailors, and go away. Influenced by these circumstances, a large part of them concluded to leave Leyden, and embark for America.

In the untrodden forests of that far and wide-spread country, they could be free, as they im-

agined, from kings and priests. There they could read the Bible quietly by their own firesides, and worship God with unchained and cheerful hearts. There, too, their descendants might be "undefiled in religion," to use their own words, "to the last ages."

Some of the party wished to settle in South America, under the dominion of Spain; but they resolved, at last, to embark for Virginia; and Messrs. Cushman and Carver were sent to procure a patent for land of the Virginia company, in England. They procured the desired patent, by great exertions, in 1619; but it will be seen, that the Puritans never used it after all.

A ship of sixty tons was at last hired in Holland, and another, of one hundred and eighty, in England. Every thing was now ready for the long voyage. Those who had determined to go, left the pleasant city of Leyden with many tears, and were attended several miles on their way by their friends, who still concluded to remain.

At Delft, they found all things prepared. Here other friends came from Amsterdam to greet them with a last farewell. The night was spent with little sleep. They thought, with heavy hearts, of their old homes, in the city of Leyden, and of still older ones, long since left, in their native land. They thought, too, of many an ancient church in that fair country, where they had worshipped; of the grave-yards, shaded with yew-trees, where their

fathers were buried ; of the village common, and the green hills, and the bright rivers, and the familiar and dear faces of childhood.

None of these should they ever see again. They were, indeed, pilgrims on the earth. The cold ocean was before them for a journey, and the wide wilderness beyond it for a home. But they had resolved what to do. It was in vain to wait. The wind was fair the next morning. Sobs and prayers burst from every lip ; tears gushed from every eye. Even the Dutch strangers, who crowded about them on the wharves, could not refrain from weeping.

The last moment had now come. Their venerable pastor, Mr. Robinson, who was to remain, now kneeled, and the whole company knelt with him, in fervent prayer. They then parted with mutual embraces and tears, and a prosperous gale soon bore them to England.

They went to Southampton, where they found the English vessel of 180 tons, which they had hired. A part of them went on board of her ; and, a part being on board the small vessel from Holland, they set sail from England, August 5th, 1620. One of the vessels soon sprung a leak, and they were obliged to return and repair. They sailed again ; and again were beaten back, and compelled to leave the small vessel. They were now all crowded into one ship, and sailed once more, on the 6th of September ; but a dreadful storm arose soon after, and, for more than two months, they



Mr. Robinson praying with the Puritans.

were tossed upon the stormy ocean. But on the 9th of November, they descried the bleak and barren shores of Cape Cod. Two days after, they anchored in Cape Cod harbor.

The Puritans had intended to settle at the mouth of the river Hudson, in New York, agreeably to the charter they had obtained in England, that place being within the limits of the Virginia company. But it appears that some Dutch people intended to establish a colony there of their own, and, therefore, secretly bribed the captain to deceive them. He made unnecessary delays in England, and then took them, by design, to a place, on the coast, much farther north than that which they wished to go to. Here, under pretence of dangerous shoals and approaching winter, he persuaded them to remain.

As the Puritans are now safely landed, it may be well to inquire a little into the history of the country they were about to settle. My young readers are familiar, I suppose, with the boundaries, soil and climate of New England. They will recollect, that its length, from the north-east corner of Maine to the south-west corner of Connecticut, is about six hundred miles. Its breadth is from fifty to two hundred miles.

Something was first known about the interior of the country in the year 1605, when Captain Weymouth, in search of a passage to India, discovered the Penobscot, a large river in Maine. He carried

five of the native Indians to England, who were quite a curiosity there, as might be supposed. Three of them were educated there; and the accounts which they and Weymouth gave of the country, soon induced other Englishmen to come over.

A company was formed for the purpose of making discoveries. In 1606, two captains, Chalong and Prynne, were sent out in two ships. Chalong took two of the five Indians with him. He was himself taken by the Spaniards on his voyage, and carried to Spain. Prynne surveyed the coast of New England, and carried home such a glowing account of its excellent harbors, rivers, forests and fisheries, that, in 1607, a hundred adventurers sailed from Plymouth, in two ships, for America. They were determined "to seek their fortune," as they said, "in this broad and savage wilderness. They knew not what mines of silver and gold, and diamonds, might be found in the depths of the green woods."

They fell in with the island Monhegan, first, on the Maine coast, and landed at the mouth of the Kennebec river, then called the Sagadahoc. They settled on Parker's Island, and built a fort there, which they called Fort St. George. They brought over two more of the five natives I have mentioned with them; and this procured them a welcome from the Indian tribes.

Bashaba, king of the Penobscot Indians, and

ruling, to a certain extent, over all the tribes as far south as Salem, acknowledged subjection to the English, and sent his son to visit the colony, and to open a trade with them for furs. In December, the ships sailed for England, leaving only forty-five persons. But their hard fare discouraged even these. They were obliged to live upon fish, and the flesh of dogs, and lean game. Besides this, the winter was excessively severe. So they all returned to England with the next vessel.

The Norridgewock tribe, formerly living on the Kennebec river, used to have among them a strange legend of these English settlers. The story is this: They employed a number of Indians, who had come to trade with them, to draw a cannon into the fort, by a long rope. The Indians took hold of it, and seemed to be very much amused with the sport. But the moment they were arranged in a straight line, the white people discharged the cannon, which killed and wounded a number. The tribe was very angry, as they well might be, and would have dealt rather harshly with the whites, had they staid longer.

Whether this account is strictly true or not, I cannot say; yet it is not improbable. The white people, it must be confessed, had but little respect for either the lives or the rights of the native Indians.

I will tell you another story of what is said to have happened about the same time as the preced-

ing incidents. One of the English settlers was chopping in the forest. He had already cut the trunk of a tree into certain lengths, and was occupied in splitting one of them. He had driven in his wedges, and the stick already began to open.

At this moment, several Indians came suddenly from the forest, and approached the wood-cutter. Although they manifested no hostility, yet it appeared evident that they intended some mischief. After considering, for some time, what he should do, the wood-cutter proposed to the Indians to assist him in splitting the log. He directed them to put their hands into the cleft which he had opened with his wedges. As soon as they had all got their fingers well in, he suddenly knocked out the wedges, and the savages were all caught, like so many foxes in a trap. The wood-cutter then went to the neighboring settlement, where he obtained assistance, and returned to secure the Indians.

After the last mentioned settlement, no new one was attempted till that of the Puritans, in 1620; but, in April, 1614, Captain John Smith, an Englishman, made a voyage of discovery along the coast with two ships. At Monhegan Island, at this day inhabited by fishermen and farmers, he built seven boats. In one of these, with eight men, he ranged the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, and discovered the "Isles of Shoals," and various Indian tribes.

He made a map of the country, after his return

to England, and presented it to the prince of Wales, who was afterwards Charles I. The prince gave his own name to the river between Boston and Charlestown, called Charles river to this day. He gave the name of New England, also, to the whole country, which has since been retained.

Smith left one Hunt, with one of his vessels, behind, to complete his cargo of fish for a Spanish market. This man was base enough to decoy twenty-five Indians on board his vessel, who were carried to Spain, and sold there for slaves. The Indians of New England long remembered and resented this injury.

CHAPTER III.

Early History of the Settlement at Plymouth. Indians, Corn, Graves, and other Things. First Houses. First public Worship. Sickness. Anecdotes of some of the Settlers.

It is time to return to the settlers at Cape Cod. The very day they landed, an armed party was sent to make discoveries. They returned at night, having found nothing but water, woods and sand-hills. The next day was the Sabbath, and they all rested. On Monday, the men went on shore to refresh themselves; the women to wash, attended

by a guard ; and the carpenter began to repair the shallop for the purpose of coasting.

On Wednesday, Captain Miles Standish took a party of sixteen men, well armed, and went to make further discoveries. About a mile from the sea, they saw five Indians, who fled. They pursued them ten miles ; but, night coming on, they stationed sentinels, kindled a fire, and rested quietly around it.

In the course of their travels over the country, they found several heaps of sand, one of which was covered with mats, an earthen pot lying at one end. On digging, they found a bow and arrows ; but, presuming it was a grave, they replaced every thing, and left it as they had found it.

In another place, they met with an old iron kettle, and, near it, another pile of sand, in which were buried three or four bushels of Indian corn. They hesitated, but finally took the kettle and a part of the corn, resolving, if they ever found the owners, to return the kettle, and pay them for the grain. They afterwards discovered the owners, and liberally paid them. The corn was in a basket, handsomely woven of thin shavings of tough wood, stained with bright colors. By and by, they found a place fortified with palisadoes, or stakes and posts framed together like a wall. They also saw a trap for taking deer, in which one of the men was caught, without being injured. The next day,

they returned, and were joyfully received by their companions.

The corn was of great value to them; for, the snow covering the ground immediately after, it was impossible to find any more, and, without seed, they could have had no harvest the next year.

As soon as the shallop was ready, a party was sent in her to examine the coast; but they found no good place for a settlement. They discovered some graves and wigwams, but saw no Indians.

Mr. White had a son born about this time, who was named Peregrine. He was the first English child born in New England, and lived to be eighty-four years of age.

Wednesday, December 6th, the pilgrims sent out a fourth expedition. The ground was now covered with snow; and the cold wind froze the salt water on the clothes of the men, like coats of mail. Having landed, they made a fire, and slept in the woods the first night. The next day, they discovered an Indian burying-yard, surrounded by palisadoes. Many of the graves were staked around, each with its particular circle of wood.

At five in the morning of the next day, there was a cry of "Indians! Indians!" by the guard they had set, and a shower of arrows fell in among them, followed by horrible yells. But the noise of the English guns was still more terrible to the savages. They thought the report a sort of thunder



Indians shooting arrows at the exploring party.

and lightning, and fled in great fear. Their arrows were kept, by the white men, as curiosities. They were pointed with deers' horn and eagles' claws.

On the 17th, they discovered the place where Plymouth now stands, and were much pleased with the pleasant brooks and woods, the excellent land, the two fine islands in the bay, covered with walnut trees, beach, pines, and sassafras, and the innumerable fowls and fishes in and upon the water.

The exploring party having returned, the vessel came to the bay at Plymouth. On the 20th of December, 1620, after landing and viewing the place again, the whole company concluded to settle upon the main-land, on the high ground. It appeared to have been planted with corn some years before; and there was a sweet stream there, and many springs of good water.

Twenty of their number remained on shore during the night. A violent storm separated them, for two days, from the vessel. On the 22d, they all landed, and, on Saturday, the 23d, the company began to cut timber for building, and continued in this business till near March, by which time they had formed quite a village. There were nineteen families. Each family built its own cottage; but all assisted in erecting a store-house, twenty feet square, for common use.

On the 31st of December, they attended public worship, for the first time, on shore, and named the place Plymouth, from gratitude for the kind treat-

ment they had received at Plymouth, the last port, in England, which they had left. The rock which they first stepped upon, in landing, still exists, and strangers from all quarters visit it, as they pass through the town. The 22d, the day on which the whole party landed, is annually celebrated at Plymouth.

On the 12th of January, John Goodman and one Brown walked into the woods to gather thatch for stuffing the crevices of the log cottages. They lost their way, and were obliged, though slightly clothed, to sleep that night on the frozen ground. It snowed furiously, and was very cold. But this was not all. About midnight, they heard a wild howling in the woods. At first it seemed a good way off, and then it came nearer and nearer. The two pilgrims imagined that nothing but lions could make such doleful sounds. They were therefore excessively alarmed, and made up their minds to climb a tree—a pretty cold lodging-place, indeed, for a winter night in a snow-storm. They stood ready to ascend, when the lions should come, but continued walking round the tree all night. This probably kept them from freezing. They reached their friends the next evening, faint with hunger and cold. Goodman's feet were so frozen, that they were obliged to cut off his shoes. I need hardly tell my reader, that it was the howling of wolves that frightened the two men.

The settlers at Plymouth were hardy people, and were supported, in their trials, by deep religious faith; but they had scarcely foreseen the bitter sufferings they were to endure. The winter was severe beyond any thing they had ever known, either in England or Holland. Their labors, too, were hard and incessant. Besides all this, they suffered many privations, which can only be imagined by those who have left homes abounding in every convenience, for a wilderness where all is rude, desolate and comfortless.

When they left England, the whole number of the emigrants was 101. When the spring came, forty-six were dead. All these had died from the various hardships to which they had been exposed. But by the third of March, those who remained rejoiced to find that the winter was past. There were now warm showers, the spring having set in earlier than usual. The green grass began to shoot up as the snow melted away, and the birds sang merrily in the woods. The settlers had now laid out the town into streets and lots, and erected buildings of considerable size. They deposited their provisions and ammunition in a store-house, with a thatched roof. Though this was constantly guarded, the roof took fire during the winter; but the lower part of the building, with its contents, was saved. They could scarcely have preserved life, had their stores been consumed.

CHAPTER IV.

More Particulars of the History of Plymouth. A Visit from an Indian; from a Chief called Massasoit. Anecdotes. Death of Mr. Carver. The Islands in Massachusetts Bay. Arrival of more Settlers. A dry Time. Anecdotes.

ON the 16th of March, 1621, the settlers were alarmed at seeing a stout Indian walk into the village, and, passing by the houses, go directly where the people were collected. He saluted them in broken English, and bid them welcome. He was naked, excepting a leather belt about his waist, with a wide fringe. He had a bow and two arrows; was tall and straight; his hair long behind, and short before.

They entertained him kindly, and gave him a horseman's coat. He tarried all night, and, on his departure, received a knife, a bracelet, and a ring; and promised, in a few days, to pay the white men another visit. He came again, accordingly, and brought five others with him. They sang and danced, and were very friendly and familiar. This Indian, who first came to the village, was named Samoset. He had learned a few English words from some fishermen, whom he had seen on the coast.

On the 22d, a number of Indians came to the settlement, and gave information that Massasoit



Treaty with Massasoit.

was near by. He was a famous chieftain among them, and governed a large part of the country. He soon appeared on the top of a hill, with sixty of his men.

Mr. Winslow was sent to treat with him. He carried the king, or chief, two knives, and a copper chain, with a jewel in it; and to his brother, Quadequina, he gave a knife, a jewel for his ear, a pot of "strong water," as they named ardent spirits, and some biscuit and butter. Mr. Winslow saluted them, and invited them to visit the governor, at the village.

They came down into the settlement, accordingly, with twenty of their men, to see Mr. Carver, who had been chosen governor for a year. They left their bows and arrows behind them. Mr. Winslow remained, meanwhile, with the other Indians on the hill, as a hostage, to make them feel sure that Massasoit would be well treated.

The chief was met at the brook, at the bottom of the hill, and conducted, with his train, to the governor's house; soldiers marching before them, and drums and trumpets sounding. The Indians were greatly delighted with all this parade and attention. A green rug was now spread for the company. The governor kissed the king's hand, and the king his, and they both sat down.

"Strong water" was then given to the king; and history says that "he drank a great draught that made him sweat all the while after." Victuals

were then set before them; and, after these were removed, the governor and chief entered into a treaty of peace and friendship, and the king went away highly gratified. He and his successors kept this treaty for fifty years.

Massasoit taught the English afterwards to cultivate the grain of the country, which we call Indian corn. In some countries, it is called maize; but it was peculiar to America. Through his influence, nine of the petty sachems, or Indian chiefs, in his neighborhood, who had been jealous of the English, came to Plymouth, and subscribed a treaty of submission to the king of England. Others, from the island Capawoc, since called Martha's Vineyard, sent messengers for the same purpose.

The English soon had an opportunity to return Massasoit's favors. The Narragansetts, a Rhode Island tribe, made war upon that chieftain. There was a good deal of fighting; but, at length, the English interfered in behalf of Massasoit, when his fierce enemies were soon glad to make peace with him. Canonicus himself, the sachem of the Narragansetts, a man renowned for his warlike achievements, sued for the friendship of the English.

Governor Carver died soon after this. He was seized with a sudden pain in his head, while working in a field with the other settlers and he never recovered from it.



Indians among the Islands.

Mr. Bradford was chosen to succeed him. In September, the new governor sent ten men, in a shallop, to explore what was then, and is still, called Massachusetts Bay. They found the islands fertile, and mostly cleared of wood.

The Indians led such a happy life there, on the green islands, with the bright, smooth waters around them, raising corn for winter, and killing game on the main-land, for summer food, that the Plymouth men were almost sorry they had not settled in those parts. They were guided to these islands by Squanto, one of those Indians who had been carried to Spain by Captain Hunt. He had made his escape to England, and thence came over to his own country.

The Plymouth settlers repaired their cottages before winter, and, in October, gathered in a good harvest. Their English grain was poor, but their corn was abundant and excellent. They shot as many as they pleased of the ducks and other wild fowl, that were hovering and screaming over the salt water, all the year round. The ocean supplied them with fish. The Indians were at peace with them. Their cottages were comfortable; and so, on the whole, they were happier now than, a year before, they had any good reason to expect that they should be.

In November, 1621, a ship, with thirty-five passengers, arrived from England. Unfortunately for the colony, she was out of provisions, and the colo-

nists were obliged to victual her home. They were without bread, in consequence, for two months of the winter.

At this time, Canonicus sent them a bundle of arrows, tied together with a serpent-skin. This was the Indian emblem of war. The governor returned the skin, however, wrapped around a bundle of powder and ball.

The Narragansetts were frightened by its weight. They returned the bundle unopened, and remained quiet. They probably supposed it contained some magic or sorcery.

The colonists now fortified their settlement, by surrounding it with a sort of wall called a stockade. All the able-bodied men and boys were divided into four squadrons, and alternately kept guard, night and day. Their guns were mounted on a kind of tower built on the top of the town hill, with a flat roof, the lower story serving them for a place of worship. Captain Miles Standish, a brave young man, was chosen military commander-in-chief.

The first New England duel was fought about this time, between two servants, with sword and dagger. Both were wounded. They were formally tried by the whole company, and sentenced to be tied together, neck and heels, for twenty-four hours, without meat or drink. It was thought these honorable characters might probably get cool in this way. As they promised to

reform, however, a part of their punishment was remitted.

The summer of 1622 being dry, the harvest was scanty, and the colonists were compelled to procure a supply from the Indians. Governor Bradford travelled among the tribes for this purpose, and obtained twenty-eight hogsheads of corn, which he paid for in knives, blankets, beads, and other things of that kind. Squanto, who guided him upon this route, fell sick and died. He asked the governor, on his death-bed, to pray for him, "that he might go to the Englishman's heaven."

This Indian was of great service to the colony. He was cunning and deceitful, however, like other Indians. He sometimes sent word to a tribe, secretly, that the English were coming to kill them, assuring them, at the same time, that he could obtain peace for them, and he only.

The tribe would send him presents, accordingly, to procure peace, when, in fact, no war had been thought of. They considered him a very great man, of course, supposing that he prevented the war. He now and then frightened them by telling rather large stories about the English gunpowder. He told them, also, that the colonists kept the plague barrelled up in a cellar under the Plymouth meeting-house, ready to send among the Indian tribes, whenever they wished to destroy them. It is likely that these dishonest accounts had some effect in keeping the Indians peaceable.



Gov. Bradford trading with the Indians.

In the spring of 1623, there was an alarming drought. There was scarcely a drop of rain for six weeks after planting. The corn changed color, and withered; and its long leaves curled up in the burning sunshine. Every man's crop was endangered, for, at this time, the people tilled the ground in separate lots, instead of laboring in common, as at first.

The governor appointed a day of fasting and prayer. The skies were clear that morning, as usual, and the earth crumbled at the tread of the foot, like powder. The religious exercises continued eight or nine hours; but, at evening, the clouds gathered, and soft and pleasant showers began the next morning, which lasted for a fortnight.

The colony was filled with joy, and the crops were saved. The withered corn-leaves straightened out, and once more became fresh and green. The hills and vales, and the isles far off at sea, grew greener than ever. The birds, whose song had ceased, again chirped merrily in the woods. The Indians were astonished at the sudden change. They attributed every thing to the prayers of the pious colonists.

In August, some new settlers came over in a vessel. In March, 1624, a supply of clothing and three heifers were received from England—the first neat cattle imported into this country; for no animals of this kind were natives of America.

The colony now consisted of 180 persons, who

lived in thirty-two houses. Besides the three heifers, they had a few goats, and a plenty of swine and poultry. Their village was stockaded half a mile round, and they had a fort, and a handsome watch-tower upon the highest hill on the shore.

CHAPTER V.

Some Account of the Settlement of Salem, Boston, Charlestown, and other Towns. Of Settlements in New Hampshire and Connecticut. Manner of Living at Boston. A Fire and a Famine. Various Anecdotes. Settlement of York, in Maine.

HAVING given my young readers some idea of the manner of life among the Plymouth colonists, it is time to turn our attention to other settlements. As the persecutions still raged in England, many of the Puritans were anxious to remove. In June, 1629, 350 persons, with several eminent clergymen, arrived at Naumkeag, now Salem. They brought over 115 head of cattle, and many other useful things for a colony.

One hundred of these emigrants, dissatisfied with this situation, removed the same year, and laid the foundation of Charlestown. In the spring of 1630, Mr. Winthrop came over with about 1500 emigrants, in eleven vessels, fitted out at an expense of a hundred thousand dollars. Among these were

many persons of wealth and education. They brought a charter with them, which was a grant from the king, of certain lands and privileges of government. Thus commenced the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. The charter gave them a right to choose their own governor, and other officers. Mr. Winthrop was chosen the first year. This charter was retained about sixty years.

Of 300 persons who had settled at Salem and Charlestown, eighty died during the winter previous to Mr. Winthrop's arrival. There was not, even now, corn enough to supply them for a fortnight. The provisions of those who came over last, were exhausted by a long voyage. They were obliged to let servants go free, for want of food, who had cost them twenty pounds each. They had but a few months, withal, to prepare shelter and food for a long winter.

Two hundred of their number died before December, of a terrible sickness. Among these was Lady Arabella Johnson, a beautiful and pious woman, who had left wealth and ease in England, to accompany her young husband, Mr. Johnson, to this wild country. Both of them died about the same time, universally lamented.

A hundred settlers, discouraged by these things, returned to England in the same vessels which brought them over. But the others went resolutely to work, to meet the difficulties of their situation. Persons of all trades had come over, with the last

vessels, from the neighborhood of London. As the buildings were not sufficient for such a number of people, the carpenters and joiners set themselves about erecting a multitude of tents and booths. These answered the purpose of immediate shelter.

The first court in this colony was held at Charlestown, August, 1630. One Morton was tried for stealing a boat from the Indians. He was sentenced to be set in the bilboes, so called, then to be sent back to England, his house burned in sight of the Indians, and his goods all seized, to satisfy them for the stolen canoe, and to pay the expense of his voyage. This sentence was rigidly executed.

By this time, several settlements were made around the place now called Boston. One of these, at first called Mattapan, was called Dorchester; a village on Charles River was named Watertown, and Trimountain, Boston.

In the fall of 1630, the latter place had been settled by Mr. Winthrop and others, who erected huts there for the winter. They had lacked good water at Charlestown, and one Blackstone, who had been to Boston, and slept there, told them he had found a fine spring. This induced them to go over there.

Boston had first been called Shawmut, by the Indians; and then Trimountain by the English, from its three chief hills. It was named Boston, in

honor of Mr. Cotton, a distinguished clergyman, who came from Boston, in England.

The colonists thought but little of the place at first. Newtown, since Cambridge, was for some time as large, and Dorchester was larger. They even ridiculed the indifferent figure which the little village of Boston made, and called it "Lost Town."

In May, 1631, a military work was raised on Fort Hill, the people of the neighboring towns coming in to assist. A market was opened every Thursday. One Cole opened a tavern in March, and John Cogan a store. Two houses were consumed, on the 16th, by fire. This was the first conflagration in the colony. It caught in the thatch of the roof. The court ordered, in consequence, that no man should build his chimney of wood, nor cover his house with thatch. A meeting-house was built in Cornhill, in August.

There were marshes, at this time, in the rear of Boston, about forty rods across. These were skirted by a log fence to keep off wolves from the cattle. The timber, fire-wood and hay were brought from the islands. On Copp's Hill, a large wind-mill was erected. The land in Boston was found to be good. Fine gardens were soon made, and excellent corn raised all along what is now Washington street.

The people kept their cattle at Muddy River in summer, and in town during the winter. In

1638, the town consisted of about thirty houses. Late in the fall of 1631, provisions became excessively scarce. The Boston people were compelled to live upon clams, muscles, ground-nuts and acorns. They were in despair, when it was said that the governor "had the last batch of bread in the oven." They appointed a day of fasting and prayer. A ship arrived, meanwhile, laden with provisions, and the day of fasting was changed to a thanksgiving, the first ever kept in this country. Large quantities of poultry and swine were sent ashore from the vessel; but cows were still so scarce, as to sell for a hundred dollars each—a sum equal to three times that amount now.

Ipswich and Medford were settled in 1634, and Newbury the year after. The first person born in this place, was Mary Brown. She lived to be 82 years of age. With the beautiful river which runs through the town, the green meadow-lands on its banks spotted with sheep, its hills covered with oak groves, and its large, rich fields of barley and corn, Newbury was then, as it still is, one of the pleasantest places in the country.

Captain Mason, with a number of people, settled the lower part of New Hampshire, in 1629, having purchased the land of the Indians. These settlers paid their attention, for some time, to the discovery of mines, the survey of the country, the fisheries, and fur-trade with the natives. They imported their corn from England.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was concerned with Mason ; and, in 1639, he obtained a grant from Charles I, of a large tract of country, now called Maine. It was but slowly settled ; the town of York, endowed with city privileges in 1641, was the largest settlement.

Exeter and Dover, in New Hampshire, were founded by Massachusetts people, about the same time. Portsmouth had been settled before. New Hampshire and Maine were soon subjected to the Massachusetts government. The former continued so for many years ; and the latter until the year 1820, when the " District of Maine" became the " State of Maine."

Connecticut was settled chiefly by people from the Massachusetts colonies. The Pequot Indians then nearly covered the whole country. A sachem of some other tribe in the neighborhood, visited Plymouth, in 1631, to get some English people to come and settle there. The tribe were afraid of the Pequots, and of their terrible sachem Sassacus, and wished the English to drive them out. They even offered eighty beaver skins, and a yearly gift of corn ; but the English were not yet ready to go.

But, in 1633, Governor Winthrop sent out one Holmes from Plymouth, with a small company of men. They sailed up the Connecticut river, and built a trading house at the mouth of the Farmington river, at Windsor. This was the first house

built in Connecticut. The Dutch, who now had settlements in New York, had already built a fort at Hartford. The next year, a fort was built at Saybrook, by some people sent from England by Lords Say and Brook, who had obtained from the king a grant of a part of the country.

In the summer of 1635, a company of people, from the towns about Boston, settled Hartford, Windsor, and East Windsor. There were about one hundred of them, and they were fourteen days travelling across the wilderness, never before trodden by a white man. The deep forests resounded with psalms and hymns, as they marched slowly, but cheerily along. The Indians watched them with looks of wonder, and followed them in silent admiration.

The settlers on the Connecticut passed a severe winter. Their cattle perished with cold, and their furniture was lost, having been put on board vessels which were wrecked on the coast. Weathersfield was settled the next October, by people from Wattertown; and, in the March after, 1636, a number of people, from Newtown, removed to Connecticut, and settled principally at Hartford. Among these was Mr. Hooker, a minister, whose tombstone is still to be seen in the burying-ground at Hartford. His wife was carried in a sort of litter upon horseback. They drove 160 cattle through the woods, and fed upon the milk of the cows on the way.

It is remarkable that the stage now performs the



People going to settle Hartford.

same journey in fourteen hours, which it took the pilgrims as many days to accomplish. Such, indeed, were the difficulties of traversing the wilderness then, that of ten men, who crossed it, soon after the party above mentioned, one was drowned, and all would have starved, but for meeting with some friendly Indians. During the next winter, 1637, ~~the~~ Connecticut people lost near ten thousand dollars' worth of cattle, and were so straitened for want of food, as to feed upon acorns and malt.

New Haven was settled in 1637, by a large colony from England, among whom were many learned and wealthy men. The town was laid out in squares, for a large and elegant city. A beautiful green square was preserved in the centre, surrounded by eight smaller ones. Like the "Connecticut Colony," as that about Hartford was called, they agreed upon a form of government, which was in force till a charter was obtained from the king some time after.

Their first Sabbath was kept April 18, 1638. Mr. Davenport preached to the people of the colony, assembled under a large spreading oak. The first settlers had every thing in common. Purchases were made for the use of the whole plantation, and lands were allotted to each family according to number.

Among the New Haven colonists was an eminent clergyman, whose name was Hooker. He had some difficulty in escaping to America; for he



Mr. Davenport Preaching.

was much persecuted. When it was known that he intended to come to this country, the officers of the bishop were sent in pursuit of him. They knocked at the door of the chamber, where he and another gentleman were conversing.

The latter went to the door. The officer demanded if Mr. Hooker was not there. "What Hooker?" asked the other. "Do you mean one Hooker who formerly lived at Chelmsford?" The officer answered, "Yes, yes; the same man." "If it be he you look for, I saw him, an hour ago, at — in town. You had best hasten there after him." The officer went his way, and Mr. Hooker, in a short time, escaped on board a ship, in which he sailed for America.

Doctor Hooker was universally respected for his excellent qualities. He was remarkable, among other things, for his mildness. A story, illustrating this trait in his character, is still preserved.

It is said he was once suddenly awakened, in the night-time, by an unusual noise in the cellar of his house. He suspected that some person had crept in there without leave, and immediately arose, dressed himself, and went silently to the foot of the cellar stairs. There he saw a man, with a candle in his hand, taking pork out of a barrel.

Mr. Hooker stood still, and looked on till he had taken out the last piece. He then stepped towards him, and accosted him in perfectly good humor. "Neighbor," said he, "you act unfairly; you

ought to leave a proper share for me." Thunder-struck at being detected, and especially by a man of Mr. Hooker's character, the culprit fell at his feet, condemned himself for his crime, and implored pardon. Mr. Hooker cheerfully forgave him. He, however, seriously admonished him for his fault, and then made him carry half the pork to his own house.

CHAPTER VI.

First Settlement of Rhode Island. Account of the Indians. Their Wigwams, Dress, Furniture, Food in Summer and Winter. Their Skill with the Bow. Their Employments, Canoes, Arms, Amusements, Physicians. Various Customs. Anecdotes.

IN 1636, Mr. Roger Williams, a clergyman, was banished from Massachusetts for certain religious opinions, which he entertained. Luckily, he had cultivated an acquaintance with Canonicus, and another Narragansett sachem. They became attached to him, and that tribe treated him and his family, when he came among them, with kindness.

He settled first at Seekonck, now Rehoboth, but soon after crossed the Seekonck river, and founded a place which he called Providence, from the good providence of God in protecting him, and making the Indians peaceable to him. Mooshawsic was



Roger Williams going to Rhode Island.

the Indian name of the place. It is a large and beautiful town now.

Newport was founded two years after, by Mr. Coddington. That gentleman removed from Massachusetts, with eighteen of his friends, and purchased the island Aquitneck of the Indians, with a few smaller ones in Narragansett Bay. For Aquitneck they received 400 feet of white beads, which the Indians were fond of wearing. For ten coats, and twenty hoes, the natives agreed to remove from all these islands by the next winter.

Settlers continued to join the Rhode Island colonists every year after this. The largest island was called Rhode Island, as it is to this day, from a fancied resemblance to the ancient island of Rhodes. The soil is good; and it was soon spotted over with a number of pretty villages, green pastures, flocks, and fields of barley and corn.

As I have given you some account of the origin of the first New England colonies, and of their early manner of life, I think you will now be curious to learn something about the Indians, of whom much will be said in the following chapters.

They lived together in tribes of a few hundreds, and sometimes a few thousands, getting their subsistence chiefly by fishing and hunting. Their habitations were wigwams. These were built as follows: A strong pole was erected in the first place. Around this, at about 10 feet distance, other poles were driven slanting into the earth,

fastened to the centre pole at the top, and covered with mats, barks of trees, moss or brush, well woven and plastered together.

Within, the furniture consisted of a stone hatchet or two, a few shells and sharp stones, which they used for knives, stone mortars for pounding corn, and mats and skins, which they sat and slept upon. They used nothing like a chair, a table, or bed. With shells and stones they dressed their wild game for roasting or boiling, cut their hair, and scalped their enemies.

Scalping was performed by cutting round a circle of skin on the crown of the head, and then stripping it off by the hair. They always scalped those whom they slew, and often those whom they only wounded. After the whites introduced the use of knives and steel tomahawks among them, they had less occasion for shells and stones.

A warrior would sometimes return from battle, with a bundle of scalps hanging at his girdle, and was very proud of them, the Indians deeming them proofs of valor.

I once heard of a white man who was knocked down and scalped by the savages, and left for dead; but his faithful dog was with him, and the animal was so sagacious and so affectionate, that he trotted off some miles through the woods to the nearest house for assistance. Having arrived there, he crept up to the feet of the master of the house, licked his hands, and then, looking him

very anxiously in the face, began to howl piteously. The gentleman, suspecting something unusual, determined to follow the dog. The animal leaped for joy, and ran on before, till he had guided him to his master's body. The latter was bleeding and faint, but not dead ; and, by kind attention, he at last recovered, and lived to reward the dog for his fidelity. This is said to have occurred in the early settlement of the country, and I believe the story to be authentic.

The Indians lived upon flesh of game, wild beasts, and birds of all kinds, which they killed with stones or with arrows. They would hit a wild-cat, duck, or other animal, with either, at a great distance. They were familiar with the habits of every kind of bird and beast, knew their haunts, understood the best mode of approaching them, and were, therefore, very successful in hunting.

Flesh and fish they roasted on a stick, or broiled on the fire. Sometimes they boiled their meat and corn by putting hot stones into water ; but the latter was usually parched. They also raised peas, beans and pumpkins. There was generally a sort of rude garden near each wigwam, with a small cornfield.

The women cultivated the land ; they used large oyster and other shells for hoes, till the whites supplied them with iron ones. They performed all the drudgery about the house. The men were usually abroad, engaged in hunting, fishing, or fight-



Indian Women and Village.

ing; when at home, they lounged lazily about the wigwams. In fishing, they used crooked bones for hooks, and made nets of the bark of the Indian hemp, or of the sinews of the moose and deer.

Those who lived along the coast were skilful fishermen. They were particularly fond of catching seals. These were animals then common along the sea-shore, having a head somewhat like a dog. They are still common far to the north, and there the skin and oil are of great use to the inhabitants.

The canoes were made of birch bark, in which the Indians would venture into a rough and deep sea, though so light as to be carried from place to place on a man's head. A white man, in getting into one of them, would tip it over; but the Indians sat perfectly still and safe in them, loading them down sometimes within an inch of the water. Sometimes they made canoes by hollowing out the trunks of trees. This was done by burning, in the first place, and afterwards by scraping them with shells or stones. The patient labor of the savages in constructing their canoes, their bows, arrows and some other articles, was truly surprising.

In summer, they wore little more than a sort of apron tied about the waist. In winter, they clothed themselves in the skins of wild beasts. The sachems wore mantles of deer-skin on show-days; as, for instance, when a party came back from war with a great many scalps. The mantles

were fringed with white beads, or pieces of copper. The men painted themselves in hideous colors, and wore a tuft of long feathers on the crown of the head. A chain of fish bones about the neck, or the skin of a wild-cat, was a sign of royalty, like a crown among European nations.

The sachems carried long spears in war, stringing their scalps upon them when they went home. They wore their best dress and ornaments in battle, to remind them they had something to fight for. Each tribe roamed over a certain large tract of country, changing its hunting-grounds every year. When they removed, they took up their wigwam poles, and carried them through the woods to the place where they proposed to settle; and there, in a few days, the new village was built.

Their amusements were leaping, shooting at marks with their arrows, dancing and gaming. I have told you how they would bring down a gray squirrel or a pigeon from a tall tree. I have myself seen some Indians shoot arrows two or three rods, at a cent set up on a post, and hit it almost every time. The boys manage the bow with great skill. I have seen little straight, black-haired fellows shooting for cents, with bows about as long as themselves.

The savages danced around large fires. In their war-dances, they sang and shouted the praise of their ancestors, or their living warriors; wheeling about, leaping, and distorting their limbs

and faces in the most violent manner. In the night-time, especially, they made a frightful appearance.

They had physicians, called powahs, who would roar and howl over them when sick, with many magical ceremonies. These powahs were dexterous fellows, and as great jugglers as any among the whites. The Indians said, they could make water burn, rocks move, and trees dance, and change themselves into blazing men. Nay, they could burn an old tree to ashes in the winter, when there was not a green leaf in the country ; put the ashes into water, and then take out a green leaf, which you might handle and carry away. Besides this, they could change a dry snake skin into a living snake, and perform many other similar wonders. All these things the powahs pretended they could do ; and many of the Indians had entire faith in them.

For most of their diseases, of which, however, they had very few, the savages often used the following remedy : The patient sat in a small, close, hot wigwam about an hour, or in a cave heated by a roaring fire, and then plunged into some pond or brook. The Indians not unfrequently lived to the age of a hundred years.

In times of mourning for the dead, their faces were painted black. After the corpse was brought to the grave, they howled and wept over it ; and sometimes continued to do so for a year after the

burial, both morning and night. They believed in a Paradise far south-west, where the sun sets, beyond the mountains. They supposed a dog to be stationed at the gate of this Paradise, with prodigiously long and sharp teeth, to keep out the souls of the wicked. It was their custom to bury the arms of a deceased person with his body, together with his most valuable property; the one to affright the dog, the other to purchase whatever could be purchased in Paradise. * They supposed that the wicked went to the dark abodes of an evil spirit, called Hobbamocko, to be tortured.

CHAPTER VII.

Religion of the Indians. Hunting Stratagems. Their Ideas of an English Ship, Cannon, Ploughman, and of other Things; of Writing, Gratitude, Honesty. Various Anecdotes illustrating these Qualities.

THE Indians prayed to Hobbamocko, to heal their wounds and diseases. The powahs pretended often to see him in the shape of a man, a deer, an eagle, or a snake. The latter was his most common image, and in this guise he gave them cunning advice. The powah's business was to pray; and the circle of savages around him would cry, "Amen," or something to that effect, often joining with him in a wild, musical chant.

In his prayer, the powah promised skins, kettles, hatchets or beads, as sacrifices to the Spirit, if his request should be granted. The Indians even sacrificed their own children, though rarely. If their request was not granted, it was owing, as they supposed, to Kichtan, the Supreme Creator and Governor.

They made a great business of hunting and fishing, and used many ingenious contrivances to catch and kill game. Sometimes they built two hedges, a mile or two apart, but approaching gradually together, till only a narrow gap was left between; here they stationed themselves to kill any thing that passed through.

They also made traps, by bending down young green birches, or other trees, which would spring, when touched, with force sufficient to raise a wolf or a bear. An English horse, having strayed away, was once caught in one of these traps, and sent, sprawling and kicking, several feet into the air. The Indians, who had seen a horse but seldom, were afraid of his "iron feet." They shouted to him over the hedge, "What cheer, what cheer, Mr. Englishman's horse?" but, getting no good answer, ran off, and told the English, they could find their horse hanging on a birch tree.

The whites, on their arrival in this country, found the Indians, of course, very ignorant. The first ship they saw they supposed to be a walking island; the masts to be trees; the explosion of

the cannon thunder and lightning. Muskets were thought to be the same articles on a smaller scale; and they would run from them, howling like madmen.

In one case, they ventured to go on board a vessel, and were civilly saluted with a broadside. They were much agitated, and testified their feelings by cries of alarm. They were greatly startled by the first windmill that was erected. They considered one of the Puritans, whom they saw ploughing, a wizard, and told the good man he was worse than a powah, and "almost as bad as their devil."

They could make nothing of the English manner of writing, for a long time. A Massachusetts gentleman and his friend, travelling through a piece of woods, took with them an Indian lad, as a guide. The two whites separated in the course of the day, though not to a great distance. One of them, finding some curious berries, sent them to his companion, by the lad, with a note, written on a leaf of his pocket-book with a lead pencil, specifying the number he had sent.

The one who received the present, found some of the berries missing, and, having reprimanded the boy for eating or losing them, sent him back for more. The gentleman forwarded a second parcel, with the number again marked on a piece of paper. The boy played the same trick with these, and delivered only a part of them.

This procured him a second scolding. He then fell down upon his knees, in great amazement, and kissed the paper. "I have found out," said he, "that this paper is a witch, or a conjurer. It tells you what it did not even see; for, when I flung away the last berries, I took care to slip the note under a stone; but, even there, it found out what was passing. It is greater than a powah."

Toward their enemies, the Indians were full of art and dissimulation; but in their treatment of each other they were honest. An old gentleman told me, that he was once in an Indian village, when one of the tribe was starting off with his family, on a long journey.

He was a kind of trader among the Indians, and kept a precious quantity of beads and blankets, in his wigwam, to retail to them for furs; but he fastened his door only by laying a heavy block against it. The white man was amazed. "This is an Indian lock," said the savage. "But," said the other, "are you not afraid your beads and blankets will be stolen, while you are gone?" "Stolen! by whom?" "Why, by Indians, to be sure." "No, indeed," said the trader; "no Indian would do such a thing. I shall find all safe a year hence, if no white man comes this way."

The Indians were fond of smoking tobacco, a native weed of the American soil. One of them once asked a white man for a small piece. The latter had a quantity loose in his vest pocket, and

gave him a handful. He came back to the white man, the next day, to return a quarter of a dollar, which he had found in the tobacco. He was asked why he had not kept it.

He laid his hand on his breast, and replied, "I got a good man and a bad man here," meaning his conscience and his appetite. "The good man say, it is not mine. The bad man say, 'It was given you; why not keep it?'" The good man answer, 'That is wrong. The tobacco was given you, not the money.' Then the bad man say, 'Never mind; now you have got it, buy rum with it.' So they talk all night with me, and keep me from sleeping. I have brought it back now, and they say nothing." The Indians were grateful for kind treatment, and never forgot it. I could mention many facts to prove this, but a single story will suffice. Soon after Litchfield, in Connecticut, was settled, an Indian came into the tavern one night, and requested the landlady to give him food and drink. He was hungry and tired, and his wigwam was a weary and long way off.

The woman refused, and called him a lazy vagabond; but a man, who sat warming his feet by the fire, was generous enough to order a good hot supper for him, and offered to pay for it. It was soon brought on; and the poor Indian ate of it heartily. He then rose up, looked the white man a moment in the face, put his hand upon his bosom, and went away.

Several years after, this same white man was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried into Canada. He was saved from death, however, by one of the tribe, who adopted him as a son; but he labored for his master, through the winter, like a slave.

The next spring, as early as the woods became passable by the melting of the deep snow, an Indian came to him, as he was digging up the squash garden with a stone hoe, and, after a slight conversation, asked him to be at a certain place on a certain day. He promised accordingly, but was afraid of some trick, and neglected to go. The Indian came, and asked him again. He now determined to go, at all hazards; but he took his hoe on his back, to defend himself with, in case of need.

He found the Indian at the appointed place, provided with muskets, ammunition and knapsacks. The white man trembled; but the Indian ordered him to arm himself, and follow him. He dropped his stone hoe, and obeyed him. So they marched on through the dark woods, day after day, the Indian leaping over logs, holes and brooks, like a deer, and scarcely ever looking back, and the white man trudging after him like a slave. He would have run away, but he dared not. The Indian was almost big enough to put him in his great knapsack, and buckle him up on his shoulders.

They travelled on thus to the south and east.

After a long time, they came out, one fine, sunny morning in May, upon the summit of a long, green hill. It was in the edge of Litchfield, and the white man's native village lay a mile or two below him, by the bank of the river. He saw the steeple of the church, and, a moment after, his own house, with the blue smoke curling up from its chimney, and the sheep and cattle grazing in the pastures around it.

"Do you know that place?" said the Indian, with a quiet smile. "Bless me, I think I do," said the other; "it is Litchfield. I believe I can see my wife, now, with her white cap on her head, standing in the doorway of my house."

"There," said the Indian, "you see the tavern, too, with the board swinging on the sign-post. You gave poor Indian a supper in that place. He was weary, and shivered with cold. It was many years since, but an Indian never forgets. He promised his own heart to pay you. He has paid you now. Go to your wife and children; and the Good Spirit take you to Paradise in his own time." He grasped the white man's hand with one of his, covered his own face with the other, and brushed a tear from his eye. In a moment, he had dashed into the deep forest, and was on his long way homeward.

CHAPTER VIII.

Origin of the First Indian Wars. Indian Massacres. Murder of Captain Stone and Mr. Oldham. The Pequots send Messengers to Boston. War with that Tribe.

MY young friends, by this time, I trust, have formed a tolerably clear notion of the Indians. On the whole, they were a race of ignorant savages, fighting as fiercely as tigers, working but little, with good natural sense, and some few ideas about right and wrong, gratitude, honesty, and conscience.

They were disposed to be jealous of the colonists, as soon as they found they were likely to become numerous. Besides this, they were ill treated in some cases by the white men. After a while, too, they learned the use of fire-arms, and the English and Canadian French sold them knives, axes, tomahawks, and powder and ball, for beaver skins, wicker baskets, and matters of that kind.

They had sense enough to see that the English settlements increased very rapidly, and would by and by cover the whole country. They were therefore in a situation to be easily provoked, and to provoke the whites in return. Whether our pious fathers allowed enough for their ignorance, and treated them as kindly as they would have done if they had known them better, I cannot say. Doubtless there was some fault on both sides.

At all events, fighting soon began between them,

and continued, at short intervals, more than a hundred years. The struggle was prolonged even till the Revolution, when the tribes generally were driven back to the western mountains, or massacred on their own soil. I shall tell you first about the Pequot war, in Connecticut.

One Captain Stone, in 1634, entered the mouth of Connecticut river, with a small vessel, and a crew of eight men. He was in search of a Dutch fort, somewhere on the bank of the river; and, being an entire stranger there, he hired some Indians to pilot two of his men up the stream in a boat. These they murdered, while asleep, took the boat ashore, travelled down river again on the bank, and waded aboard the vessel, which lay anchored in shoal water.

Nobody suspected them, for they had traded with the crew, and were supposed to be friendly. They killed Captain Stone secretly in his cabin, and then fell upon the crew, and murdered all but one Norton. He fled to the cook-room, and made a brave defence for a long time.

That he might load and fire out upon them the faster, he placed some powder in a tin pail, just at hand, on a table. In the hurry of the skirmish, a spark fell among this powder. It exploded, and burned and blinded him. He ceased to resist, and the Indians were encouraged to break the door in. As soon as they had done this, they beat out his brains with their tomahawks.

The next year, the Pequot tribe sent a messenger to Boston, to desire peace with the English. They made an offer of a great quantity of beaver skins and wampum. The latter was the Indian money, and consisted of small beads made from shells, and strung in belts, or formed into chains. That of some tribes was purple; of others, blue, black, or white. Six of the white, and three of the black or blue, became of the value of a penny. A wampum belt was offered as a token of friendship, or as the seal of a treaty.

The governor said, if the Pequots wanted to treat with him, they must send better messengers. They then sent two chiefs, and the governor inquired about the death of Stone, and said the murderers must be given up to be punished. They promised to mention this to their sachem, and offered to give up Connecticut river, if the English would go and settle there.

They offered, also, four hundred fathoms of wampum, forty beaver and thirty otter skins. The governor finally made a treaty with them, and the English agreed to send a vessel to sell cloths to them for furs. The Indians signed the treaty with their marks, but no hostages were left among the whites. It seems the Rhode Island Narragansetts had made war upon the Pequots, and the latter wished the English to make peace between the two tribes. This had induced the Pequots to ask peace of the English.

But, in 1636, John Oldham, a Connecticut trader, was murdered near Block Island. Two boys, and two Narragansetts, who were with him, were taken and carried off. One Gallop, on his voyage to Boston, from Connecticut, saw Mr. Oldham's vessel full of Indians; and he saw a canoe, paddled by Indians, go from the vessel, laden with goods.

He suspected there had been foul play, and hailed the Indians in the vessel, but they made no answer. Gallop was bold and fearless; and, though he had only a man and two boys with him, he bore down upon them at once with his boat, and fired duck-shot among them, so that they soon began to howl and dance. They left the deck in a few minutes, and crowded under the hatches in great terror.

Gallop then veered off, and, running down upon the bows of the vessel in which the Indians were, with a brisk gale, nearly overset her. The Indians were more frightened than ever. Six of them leaped into the sea, and were drowned. Gallop stood off again, run down upon them a second time, bored the vessel with his anchor, and raked her fore and aft with his duck-shot. The Indians still kept themselves close under the hatches.

He now came down upon her a third time, and gave the vessel such a shock, that five more of them jumped overboard. He then boarded the vessel, took two of the Indians, bound one, and threw the

other over, and drove the rest into a small room below, which they fastened and defended.

Mr. Oldham's corpse was found upon the deck, the head split, and the body mangled in the most shocking manner. He was a Dorchester man. Gallop buried the body in the sea as decently as he could, carried the rigging and goods on board of his own boat, and rowed off ahead, towing the vessel by a rope. But the wind rose, and he was obliged to cut her adrift. The Indians, after remaining in her a day or two, escaped to the Pequots, who protected them.

In August, Captain Endicott was sent to Block Island, with ninety volunteers from Boston, to demand satisfaction of the savages. Some of the murderers lived upon the island. They refused satisfaction, and the English proceeded to burn about 60 wigwams and 200 acres of corn, and stave all the canoes on the shore. The Indians secreted themselves in the swamps.

Endicott now sailed for Connecticut, and entered the Pequot harbor. He demanded a thousand fathoms of wampum for damages. This was refused. Three hundred Indians had collected on the shore ; they hooted at him, and shot arrows at the vessel from the rocks and trees. He landed his men, killed some of the Indians, destroyed their huts and canoes, and returned to Boston.

But Sassacus, the Pequot sachem, was now resolved to unite all the Indians in a common cause,

and to fall upon the Connecticut settlers without mercy. The latter were in great trouble. They could neither hunt, fish, plough, nor travel at home or abroad, but at the hazard of their lives. They were obliged to keep watch night and day from their windows, and to go to meeting on the Sabbath with swords and muskets. The ministers are said sometimes to have taken weapons of this kind into their pulpits.

The Pequots were constantly killing their cattle, placing fire under their houses and sheds, at night, and lying in ambush for them as they passed from house to house, or from one settlement to another. In October, 1636, they hid themselves in the high grass near the garrison-house, at Saybrook, and seized five of the soldiers as they were carrying in hay for their cows. One soldier, who made his escape, had five arrows sticking in his flesh.

Ten days after, Mr. Tilly was taken and murdered by the Pequots. He sailed down Connecticut river, anchored a mile or two from the fort, and, taking a canoe and one man with him, went a fowling. He had but just fired his gun at a duck, when a party of Pequots sprang from the bushes that skirted the bank, and seized him.

His companion was killed on the spot. They used Tilly in the most barbarous manner, first cutting off his hands, and then his feet, and so killing him inch by inch. All their cruelties could not bring a groan from the sufferer. They confessed

at last that he was a brave man, and could bear torture "like an Indian."

The garrison at Saybrook was so pressed by the Indians before winter, that they dared not venture beyond the reach of the fort guns. The Pequots levelled all the out-houses, burnt the stacks of hay, and killed the cattle. The cows often came home with arrows sticking in their necks or legs, which had only penetrated deep enough to wound them, without killing them.

In March, 1637, they came out openly, and encompassed the Saybrook fort on all sides. They challenged the English to fight, yelled in the most horrid manner, and mocked the garrison with the groans of their friends who had been tortured.

CHAPTER IX.

More about the Pequots. The Colonies unite against the Indians. Torture of an Indian Prisoner. Burning of a Pequot Fort and Village. The Pequots are conquered. The Mohegans fight for the English; the Narragansetts fight with the Mohegans. Anecdotes.

THE Colonies were now resolved to make vigorous efforts against the savages. Ninety men were mustered in Connecticut, and placed under the command of Captain Mason, of Massachusetts; these were joined by a large number of friendly

Indians; among the rest was Uncas, a Mohegan chief, with seventy of his tribe.

The whole party went down the Connecticut river to Saybrook. On their way, they took an Indian prisoner, who had formerly lived in the Saybrook garrison, with the English, and had betrayed all their secrets to Sassacus. Uncas insisted upon treating him according to the custom of the savages, and Mason could not easily prevent it.

The Indians tore him limb from limb, and then kindled a huge fire, which they danced and howled about in the most frantic manner. They cut the flesh of the prisoner in pieces, even before he was dead, and passed it round to each other to eat. The bones were committed to the flames, and consumed.

At Saybrook, a plan of operations against the Pequots was agreed upon. They had a fort of considerable strength at the mouth of the Mystic river, near where Stonington now stands. It was determined to make an attack on this fort, and destroy it if possible. Captain Mason, with his men, now sailed from the mouth of Connecticut river, and soon entered Pequot harbor. This was the mouth of the river Thames, and is now called New London harbor. He entered the Pequot territory, and, having been joined by 200 Narragansetts, with other Indians, began his march toward the fort.

It was now the 25th of May, and the whole

number of his Indian allies was near 500. They marched in one body before the English force, and were constantly boasting how gallantly they should fight.

But by and by, Captain Mason informed them he was resolved to attack the Pequots in their fort. They were horror-struck at this, and quite a number of the Narragansetts took the liberty to return home. But Mason marched on through the wilderness, till he came to a small swamp between two hills, just at dusk. The camp was pitched, that night, near two large rocks in Groton, since called Porter's rocks.

The soldiers were tired, and slept soundly on the ground, with stones for their pillows. Guards were kept watching in advance, who could hear the Pequots at the fort, yelling and singing, and making merry till midnight. They were rejoicing because the English vessels had passed down the river some days before, and they supposed they had gone away.

About two hours before day, the captain roused his Indians, and the eighty brave white men, who were with him, and marched on a mile or two, to the foot of a large hill. The moon shone brightly, and he perceived, as he halted here, that his Indians, who had been in the habit of marching a long way in front, were now lingering far in the rear.

He sent a messenger back to Uncas, to ask where the fort was. He answered, on the top of the hill.

He was asked what was the matter with the Indians; and he replied that they were horribly frightened. "Sassacus," they said, "was in the fort; and he was all one devil; nobody could kill him." Mason now told the Indians to surround the fort as far off as they pleased, and look at the English, during the battle. They agreed to this arrangement, and posted themselves in a circle around the fort, at about twenty rods distance.

The day was now dawning, and the fort was still perfectly silent. The English had come within a rod or two of it, when an Indian dog barked, and a Pequot roared out, "Owannux! Owannux!" "The English." The English pressed on, fired upon the Indians through the palisadoes, as they sprang up from sleep, and then entered the principal door of the fort, sword in hand.

The flashing and roar of arms, the shrieks and yells of the men, women and children within, and the shouting of the circle of Narragansetts without, were tremendous. The Pequots fought well; but they were driven, at last, to shelter themselves in their wigwams, enclosed within the walls of the fort, where, from every window and door, they made a most obstinate defence.

Captain Mason now cried out, "We must burn them!" He entered a wigwam, and fired the mats of the roof with a brand. The flames ran from roof to roof, till every wigwam was blazing. The English now left the fort, and compassed it about

on all sides; their Indian allies plucking up courage, and forming a line behind them. These did little execution, to be sure, except to frighten the Pequots with their horrible war-whoop.

The enemy were panic-struck. The flames forced them from their hiding-places into the open light; and the English, from without, shot them down like a herd of deer. Some climbed the palisadoes, but there they were pierced by the English bullets. Some sallied out in desperation, and were cut down; others waited for the English in their burning wigwams. When they found that the women were spared, many of them cried out, "I squaw, I squaw;" but it could not save them. Six or seven hundred of them were slaughtered. The dead bodies lay upon each other in heaps. The scene was truly dreadful; and the simple story of it is painful to read.

Stopping to rest and refresh themselves but a short time after, the English marched for Pequot harbor, with great expedition. Three hundred Pequots arrived soon after, and, seeing the destruction of the fort, were greatly enraged. They stamped, and tore the hair from their heads. Then, pausing a few minutes, and working themselves up to the highest pitch of passion, in the Indian style, they rushed down the long hill after the English, and pursued them six miles, firing on them all the time from rocks and trees.



Capture of Fort Mistic.

But the English captain, Underhill, defended the rear with the best soldiers, and the Pequots did little harm. The Narragansetts kept closely together, and crowded near to the English. The enemy drew off at last; and the victorious party reached Pequot harbor with flying colors, where their friends on board the vessels received them with great joy.

The English, in the battle I have just described, had several killed and wounded; Mason himself narrowly escaped. A Pequot, within fifteen feet of him, was drawing an arrow to the head, and would have killed him instantly, when one of his sergeants cut the bow-string with his cutlass, and hewed the Pequot down on the spot. Lieutenant Bull was wounded, through a piece of hard cheese, which he carried in his pocket, and which was luckily hard enough nearly to exhaust the force of the ball. Two others received arrows in the knots of their neck-cloths.

Reinforcements arrived from Massachusetts in the month of June; and the English sailed for New Haven, in pursuit of the remaining Pequots. The latter had fled westward; but, having their wives and children with them, they could escape but slowly. They were also without provisions, and were obliged to range the forests for wild game, and to dig clams on the sea-shore.

Two sachems were captured in the pursuit, who begged for life, and promised to lead the English

to the very wigwam of Sassacus. They acted as guides a few days, but purposely misled the English. They were, therefore, beheaded. The spot where this was done is called Sachem's Head to this day, and is now much resorted to as a watering place in summer. It is situated in the present town of Guilford.

In Fairfield, two hundred Pequots were surrounded in a great swamp. A parley was granted them, and the women and children came out and surrendered. But the warriors said they would fight it out ; and they did so till near morning. At this time, a heavy fog arose, and they rushed upon the weakest part of the English line, with the most hideous yells. Some were shot, but sixty broke through and escaped. All their hatchets, wampum, kettles and traps were taken by the English.

The latter had at first attempted to attack them in the swamp ; but, being boggy and deep, it was impossible to enter it. Lieutenant Davenport and others, who had gone foremost, were so stuck in the mud, that, without assistance, they would never have got back. The Indians were just ready to seize them by the hair, when their English comrades came to their rescue.

Sassacus, with twenty of his best men, escaped to the Mohawk tribe, in New York. But these, instead of being protected, were murdered. The scalp of Sassacus was brought to Connecticut in the fall ; and even a lock of his hair, brought to

Boston, was looked upon with interest, and occasioned great triumph.

About two hundred only of the Pequots remained in Connecticut. These were spared, on condition of paying a yearly tribute of a fathom of wampum for every young man, and a less quantity for every "papoose," or child. The Indians of all New England were now thoroughly frightened; they made no more open war against the whites for near forty years.

But there was fierce fighting, in 1643, between Uncas and his Mohegans, who had taken possession of the Pequot lands, and Miantonomoh and his tribe of Narragansetts. The latter set himself up as chief sachem of New England, murdered some of the Mohegans, and made great preparations for war.

He even hired a Pequot, one of Uncas's men, to undertake to kill that chief. The Pequot accordingly attempted it. He shot Uncas through the arm, and then ran off to the Narragansett towns, and said he had killed him, as he thought he had. When his mistake was found out, Miantonomoh got up a cunning story, that Uncas had cut his own arm with a flint, and then charged the Pequot with shooting him. But, finding this story would hardly be believed, Miantonomoh killed the Pequot, to prevent him from making too many disclosures.

Not long after this, he raised 900 men, and, without giving his English friends, or his Indian

enemies, the least notice, marched against Uncas. The scouts of the latter discovered the Narragansetts at some distance, and Uncas had just time to muster 500 of his best warriors, who were ordered to march out and meet Miantonomoh. The two bands met, three miles from the Mohegan village, on a large plain, within the limits of Connecticut.

When they came within a fair bow shot, Uncas had recourse to a stratagem. He desired a parley, or a "talk," as the Indians called it. The two armies halted in the face of each other, the Narragansetts eager to fall upon the small Mohegan party, but the latter looking as grim and fierce as their enemies.

Uncas stepped out in front of his ranks, and addressed Miantonomoh. "You have stout men with you," said he, "and so have I. Now, it is a pity all these should be killed for a quarrel between us two. So you and I alone will fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; if I kill you, your men shall be mine."

"My men have come to fight," answered the other, shaking his tomahawk over his head, and raising the war-whoop. "They have come to drink blood, and they shall have it. They are dry." Uncas had expected this. He fell flat, like a log, upon the ground, as concerted beforehand. At this signal, his men instantly discharged a shower of arrows upon the Narragansetts, rushed

upon them with their horrible cries, and put them to flight.

They pursued them for miles over precipices, rocks and swamps, like wolves after sheep. Miantonomoh himself was hard pressed. Some of Uncas's best men, who were light of foot, came up with him, and twitched him back, that Uncas might take him himself.

Uncas was a man of gigantic strength, and, rushing forward, like a lion bounding upon his prey, he seized the Narragansett chief by the shoulder. The latter knew Uncas too well to resist, and so sat down on a log, sullen and fierce, but spoke not a word. Uncas now called some of his men to his aid.

Miantonomoh made no request for himself or his men, who were prisoners. Uncas asked him why he would not speak. "Had you taken me," added Uncas, "I should have besought you for my life." But the other made no reply. His life was spared for the present, however, and Uncas returned to make merry at the Indian village of Mohegan, which was situated near the present town of Norwich. He led his proud and sullen captive with all possible parade and triumph.

He afterwards carried him to Hartford, to advise with his English friend, the governor. The latter persuaded him, as he insisted on killing Miantonomoh, to kill him without torture. So he was taken

into the woods one day, to the very place of his capture. Here, one of Uncas's men came behind him, and, splitting his head with a hatchet, killed him at a single stroke.

Uncas cut out a large piece of his shoulder, and ate it in savage triumph. He said it was the sweetest meat he ever ate; it made his heart strong. The Mohegans buried him on the spot, which is called Sachem's Plain to this day. They erected a great heap over his body, as was the Indian custom.

CHAPTER X.

Further History of the English Settlements. Story of Captain Powars and his Wife. More Massacres of the Indians. Anecdote of Mr. Willet; of Sequassen, an Indian Chief; of a Negro and an Indian; of two Indians, and an Englishman named Bowen.

ALL this time, during which we have followed up the Indian history, the white settlements were increasing and extending. A college was founded at Cambridge, in 1639, chiefly by the generosity of Mr. John Harvard, a minister of Charlestown, who left 1800 dollars for it at his death. It is still called Harvard University.

The same year, in the same town, a printing-office was set up by one Mr. Daye. The first thing printed at this office was the freeman's oath; the

second, an almanac ; and the next, a psalm-book, used for a long time in all the churches of New England.

Rowley, in Massachusetts, was settled about this time, by a Mr. Rogers, and twenty families, most of them possessing good estates. These were religious people, and thought it a great privilege to settle within four miles of Ipswich ; for there they could go to hear preaching on the Sabbath. They were the first who made cloth in New England ; and they built the first fulling mill. A mill stands now in the same place ; and a cedar post, which was brought from England by the settlers, is still perfectly sound.

Most, if not all, of the land in Massachusetts, was purchased, at some time, and at some price or other, of the Indians, who laid claim to it. It was of little value to the latter, however, and they generally sold a township for a mere trifle, such as a few bushels of corn. This was the case particularly with the township now called West Springfield, on the Connecticut river.

Among the first white settlers in that place were a tailor and a carpenter. The tailor had, for some small consideration, purchased of an Indian chief, the whole tract of land now called West Springfield, being three miles square. He happened to be in want of a wheelbarrow ; and, the carpenter having constructed a clumsy one for his own use, the tailor offered to buy it of him.

He proposed to make a suit of clothes in return for it, or to convey this whole tract of land to him, as he preferred. The carpenter, after some deliberation, exchanged the wheelbarrow for the township of land. This anecdote may give you an idea of the value which the Indians and English set upon wild lands, in those days.

In 1642, Woburn, in Massachusetts, was settled. I will tell you how the settlement was made. The town was laid out four miles square, and granted to seven men, on condition that they erected houses there within two years. They were authorized to grant lands to any who would settle there. The poorest man had six or seven acres of meadow land allotted him, and twenty-five of upland, and was assisted in building his house.

Such, among them, as were not disposed to be steady and peaceable settlers, were not allowed to own a farm "till they mended their manners." Those who took land nearest the meeting-house, which was the great object, received less of it there, and more in the outskirts of the town. Sixty families first settled in Woburn in this manner.

- You may well suppose the colonists must have labored hard, and suffered some hunger and cold in these early times. It was a long way from one settlement to another, and frequently from one house to another. I will tell you a story to give you an idea of these things.

Captain Peter Powars and his wife Anna, were among the first settlers in the southern edge of New Hampshire. They had a sort of hut, in what is now the town of Hollis, of which the traces are still visible. The nearest neighbor lived in what is at present the town of Dunstable. This is a distance of ten miles now, and was, perhaps, twelve then, by the way of a single path through the woods, indicated by marks on the trees.

They could not travel even this route without fording Nashua river ; and that could be done only in dry weather, when the streams were low.

Of course, Peter visited his neighbors but seldom, and, having two children at home, never staid away over night. There were too many Indians and wild beasts to allow of that. Indeed, he scarcely ever left home ; it was still more uncommon for both he and his wife to be absent together.

One sunny morning in August, Anna resolved to visit her nearest neighbor, living in Dunstable. She mounted a good horse ; the river was soon forded, and the whole distance was travelled before noon. She was kindly received, and she and her friend talked and laughed, and ate and drank together, till 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

At that time they heard a sudden peal of loud thunder. They rushed to the door, and saw the whole western sky mantled with heavy black clouds, rolling up, in the most fearful manner.

But as yet not a rain-drop fell, and not a leaf stirred in the forest. Anna thought of her children, and asked for her horse.

But the tempest now burst upon them with tremendous force. The woods were filled with a blaze of lightning; the clouds were driven to and fro in the sky; and nothing was heard but the rush of the rain, and the roll of the thunder. It kept on in this way till just sunset. Then the storm ceased, and the edges of the dark clouds were lighted up brilliantly by the setting sun.

Nothing could now induce Anna to remain any longer. She mounted her horse, and entered the twelve mile forest, as the sun sank below the horizon. "There will be a bright, starry evening," she said to herself; "and my pony is used to the path and the ford."

But the wind soon shifted, and rolled the same clouds over again; and the rain recommenced. The earth being warm and moist, a thick fog arose, and, long before she arrived at the ford, she was wrapped in total darkness. Her pony was her only guide now, and wild beasts her only companions. She thought, now and then, she could just get a glimpse of a passing wild-cat, and sometimes imagined the great bright eyes of a wolf were glaring at her, like a pair of coals, in the dark.

The pony sometimes stopped short, and tossed up his shaggy head, and snorted with fear. Anna

patted his neck, and encouraged him, as well as she could, to go on, till she came to the banks of the stream. It had never occurred to her, that the tempest had swollen it to a river ; and the noise of the rain among the forest boughs still prevented her from hearing the roar of the waters, as they dashed and foamed before her.

She determined, therefore, to give her pony the rein, as usual, thinking he would land her safely, as he always had done, at the proper place, on the other side. He entered the stream, lost his foothold in a moment, and was swiftly borne down the tide. Anna still held on, however, though her saddle was under water, and only her arms and head were out of it.

The pony was now swept down far below the landing-place, and soon after struck with his forefeet upon a large rock. This raised him high out of water, but he immediately plunged and sunk again, and so deep that Anna was thrown off. But she seized upon his mane, and held on, as he leaped and dashed forward, till both reached the shore in safety.

She soon found the right track, adjusted her clothes, remounted, and, in one or two hours, alighted at the door of her own cabin. Her husband was, of course, delighted, as well as surprised, to see her ; and her children hung about her neck more closely than ever.

The Indians were sometimes troublesome to the

lonely and remote settlers. In 1639, being in great want of food, they determined to kill the English at a trading house on the Kennebec river, in Maine, and seize their provisions. A number of them went into the house, accordingly; but Mr. Willet, the master, being engaged in reading the Bible with a solemn countenance, and not looking at them, as they expected, they drew back, and told their companions that the plot was discovered.

“Discovered! how so?” said the others. They were then informed of Mr. Willet’s appearance, and of the book he was reading. They were alarmed, and retreated, thinking themselves lucky to get clear of Mr. Willet as well as they did.

In the spring of 1644, the Indians murdered a man near Stamford in Connecticut. The murder was discovered, and the tribe promised to give up the Indian who committed it. They brought him, accordingly, to give him up; but as soon as they came within sight of the town, they let him go, so that he had time to escape. Several of the tribe were seized, and confined, till the murderer should be caught, and surrendered to the magistrates.

But, not more than a month after, an Indian went boldly into Stamford, and committed a murderous assault on a woman in her own house. Finding no man at home, he took up a hammer,

and approached her civilly, as if he would put it into her hand. While she stooped down to take her child from the cradle, he struck her upon the head. She fell senseless upon the floor; he repeated the blow, and left her for dead. He then plundered the house, and escaped. The woman recovered so as to describe him in a week or two after; her wounds were finally healed, though her brain was disordered all her lifetime. The Indian was caught and executed at New Haven.

In 1646, Sequassen, a petty sachem on the Connecticut river, hired a Waranoke Indian to kill Governor Hopkins, at Hartford, the protector of his mortal enemy, Uncas. The Indian was to charge the murder upon Uncas. But this Indian had found out, that those who committed murders were generally caught by the English; so, instead of fulfilling his promise to Sequassen, he went to Hartford, and told the governor the whole plan. It seems, that he had already received several girdles of wampum of Sequassen, for undertaking the murder. He kept these, and ran away.

In October, 1653, the township of Northampton was conveyed to one Mr. Pyncheon, agent for some settlers, by some Indians named Wawhillowa, Nenessahilant, Nassicohee, and four others, one of whom was a married woman. The price agreed upon was a hundred fathoms of wampum, and ten coats, which were delivered the Indians on the

spot. In 1657, Lampancho, an Indian sachem, sold these settlers nearly a thousand acres more, for fifty shillings.

For fifty years after this, the inhabitants of Northampton were engaged in the labor of clearing up the wilderness, enclosing their fields, building bridges, and laying out roads. Their only passage to Boston, meanwhile, was a horse-path, by the way of Lancaster. They paid their colonial taxes, for some time, at Charlestown, and afterwards at Boston, in wheat. This was conveyed to Hartford in wagons, and there shipped for Boston; the transportation costing about a third part of the value of the wheat.

In 1690, they had a fortification erected around the town, to defend them from the Indians; and one house was fortified in every neighborhood, into which all the inhabitants retreated, in case of alarm.

In consequence of the frequent troubles with the Indians, it was customary, with the settlers in many places, to build the houses of great strength, with loop-holes all around, and to keep the doors generally fastened. It is told of the owner of one of these strong-holds, that he was at work with a negro in a field near by the house, when a party of Indians suddenly sprang from the bushes, at a short distance.

The negro was nearest the house, and ran for it at full speed, the foremost Indian after him. The latter was the fleetest, and, as the door opened to

admit the negro, they both tumbled in together. The door was instantly closed by the planter's wife, while the Indian and the negro grappled each other.

The former was as nimble as a cat ; but the latter was the stouter of the two, and he finally got the Indian underneath him, upon the floor. He then placed his knees upon his breast, and, holding his hands, kept him in that position, till the woman had laid hold of a broad axe ; with this, taking the Indian by his long hair, she severed his head from his body at one blow.

The negro, then, seizing the guns, fired upon the Indians without. The woman stood by, loading them for him as fast as discharged, until the neighbors, hearing the noise, arrived ; and the Indians fled, without having had time to injure even the white man, the negro's master, who was in the field.

I will here tell you another story, which exhibits the Indian character in its true light. In the fall of the year, during these early times, of which I have been giving an account, two Indians, Sabatis and Plausawa, were at a place where a Mr. Sawyer now lives, in Canterbury, New Hampshire. Here they were met by Joshua Noyes, and one Thorla, of Newbury, who were looking after stray cattle.

The parties knew each other very well ; but the Indians seemed not much pleased at the meeting, and began to put their baggage in their canoe, and

prepare to go away. Sabatis appeared particularly sullen, and disposed to do mischief, but was kept from it by Plausawa. Noyes proposed to buy their furs. At first they refused to sell, saying they would rather go to Canada, than sell to the English. But they afterwards offered to sell furs for rum.

The two white men had brought rum with them, on purpose to trade with Indians, whom they often met in this place, on the bank of the river Merri-mack; but, observing the bad temper of the Indians, they refused to let them have any, and walked away. Plausawa shouted to them, and advised them to go home, and avoid meeting with Indians, for fear of being murdered.

When they had gone a little farther, Sabatis called after them, and said, "No more you English come here; me heart bad; me kill you." Thorla replied, "No kill—English and Indians now all brothers;" meaning there was peace between them. On their way, Thorla and Noyes met one Bowen going towards the Indians. They told him in what temper they were, and advised him by all means to sell them no rum.

He replied, that he knew the Indians very well, and was not afraid of them. The latter had got into their canoe by this time, and were paddling up the river. Bowen swung his hat, and shouted to them to come ashore, and stay at his house over night. If they would do so, he promised to give

them some rum. It was near night, and they concluded to accept the invitation. Accordingly, they went home with him.

He treated them with rum enough; and for a time they were quite merry. After this, they grew cross, and Bowen, knowing their character, prudently set his wife to drawing the charges from their guns, which they had left behind the door, while he continued to talk and laugh with them. The night was spent in a drunken frolic, which, I am sorry to say, Bowen relished as well as his guests.

The next morning, the Indians asked Bowen to accompany them with his horse, and carry the baggage they had with them to the place where the canoe had been left the evening before. Accordingly, he set out with them, taking their packs on his horse. On the way, Sabatis soon proposed to run a race with the horse. The Indians are such runners, that one will sometimes travel sixty miles in a day, through the woods.

Bowen consented to the proposal; but he suspected mischief, and took care to let the Indian outrun the horse. Sabatis affected to laugh heartily, because the horse could run no faster. His object seemed to be, to get Bowen ahead of him, and off his guard. But the latter was too shrewd for him, so far. They now proceeded, apparently in good humor. After a while, Sabatis said to Bowen, "Bowen walk woods;" meaning, "Go with me as

a prisoner." Bowen said, "No walk woods—all one brother."

They then went on together, till they were near the canoe, when Sabatis proposed a second race, and that the horse should be unloaded, and start a little before him. Bowen refused to start so, but consented to start together. As soon as the horse had, by some accident, got a little before the Indian, Bowen heard a gun snap.

Looking round, he saw the smoke of powder, and the gun aimed at him by Sabatis. He turned, and instantly struck a tomahawk, which he wore in his belt, into the Indian's head.

He then went back to meet Plausawa, who, seeing the fate of Sabatis, took aim with his gun at Bowen. The gun only flashed, the charge having been drawn by Bowen's wife the night before. Plausawa fell on his knees, and begged for his life; but in vain. Bowen knew there would be no safety for him while the Indian lived; so he killed him, as he had killed Sabatis. The dead bodies he hid under a small bridge, in Salisbury, where, the next spring, they were discovered, and buried. The bridge is called the Indian Bridge to this day.

I do not mean to commend the character of Peter Bowen to my young readers. He was a rude man; but we may admire his sagacity in dealing with the Indians. In our own day, all is so peaceable around us, that we can hardly realize

the wild and bloody scenes that once took place in our country. Yet they really happened, and towns and villages, now so tranquil and happy, were once the theatres, where events occurred almost too painful to relate. In telling you these stories, I hope to excite a feeling of gratitude, that we enjoy a state of peace and security so different from that condition in which our forefathers lived.

CHAPTER XI.

Anecdotes of Captain Standish, and of the Indians. Persecution of the Quakers. War of King Philip. Its origin. Murder of John Sausaman. Anecdote of Ensign Savage; of Captain Church and the Rhode Island Indians. Account of an Indian Assault upon Brookfield.

My readers are weary of these details, perhaps. I will tell them, then, about Captain Standish, whom I have mentioned before, as the military commander of Plymouth. He was a small man, but stout and courageous. Whenever any fighting was to be done with the savages, Standish, and whomsoever he might select to follow him, were the men to do it.

Being once sent on a trading voyage to Matachiest, an Indian village, between what are now Barnstable and Yarmouth, in Massachusetts, a severe storm compelled him to leave his vessel, and

sleep on shore, in a hut of the Indians. Being convinced, from some circumstances, of their design to kill him, he made his crew keep guard all night. The Indians had, in fact, formed a plan of that kind, and watched, hour after hour, for an opportunity, but dared not attack him. They stole the goods from his shallop, however. He surrounded the sachem's house, in the morning, with his crew, and threatened to blow his brains out, if the goods were not restored in five minutes. They were given up accordingly. Standish sailed off in triumph with his shallop, and the savages were more afraid of him now than before.

A month after this, he went to Manomet, a creek in Sandwich, for corn. Here the Indians treated him rather rudely. One, who had an iron dagger, ridiculed the English, because he had seen them, he said, when dying, "cry, and make sour faces, like children."

But another pretended to be friendly, and invited the captain to sleep with him. As it was very cold, Standish consented, and passed the night by his fire; but he could not sleep; he was restless, and moved about all night, though the Indian seemed anxious for his comfort, and earnestly pressed him to "take his rest." He afterwards discovered that a plan had been laid to kill him. This was fortunately prevented by his wakefulness, and he returned home in safety.

At Wessagusset, now Weymouth, was a settle-

ment of unprincipled white men, kept together chiefly by one Weston. One of them had even murdered an Indian; and, when the tribe found it out, and insisted on the murderer's being hanged, Weston is said to have hanged a decrepit, bed-ridden old man, instead of the real murderer. But the Indians discovered the wicked cheat, and laid a plot for destroying the settlement.

This was heard of at Plymouth, though Weston knew nothing of it; and Standish set off, with eight men only, to prevent the massacre of the whites. Having arrived at Weymouth, he was careful not to alarm the savages, who were all about there, till Weston's people were assembled. An Indian now brought him some furs at Weston's house. Him he treated civilly, but the savage went away, and reported, that "he saw by the captain's eyes, he was angry in his heart."

Pecksuot, a savage, then sent word to Hobba-mock, an Indian guide, whom the captain had brought with him, that he understood the captain was come to kill them; "but tell him," said he, "we know it, and fear him not." Others whetted their long knives before Captain Standish, using insulting gestures, and gnashing their teeth, and grinning fiercely in his face.

Pecksuot then came into the house where Standish staid, and said, "You may be a great captain, but you are a little man; but I am a stout man, though no sachem." Standish had his own

plans, however, and said nothing. At last, having got Pecksuot, and his brother, and two other savages, together, and there being about as many of his own men in the room, he gave a signal for fastening the door. He then seized Pecksuot, snatched his knife from him, and killed him on the spot.

The other white men killed two more of the Indians; and the fourth was bound and confined. The Indians, in this struggle, received a great many wounds, making no noise, but catching at the weapons, and struggling till the last gasp. Standish now returned to Plymouth, and set up one of their heads on the fort. The savages in all the neighborhood were greatly alarmed, and fled to the swamps and woods. They gave no more trouble for a long time.

Many years after this, it is said that a friendly Indian once came and told the captain, that a particular savage intended to kill him; that the next time Standish went to his wigwam, the Indian would give him some water, and run him through with his knife, while he was drinking. When, therefore, the captain had occasion to go there, he was careful to take his trusty sword with him.

He found a number of savages together in the wigwam, and observed signs of something like bad humor among them. They stared at him grimly, and seemed impatient for something to happen. An Indian soon brought him some drink. The

captain received it, but kept his eye fixed upon him keenly, though half shut, while he was drinking. The Indian was slowly lifting his knife to give the fatal stab, when Standish, drawing his sword in an instant, severed his head from his body at one blow. The other savages fled, howling like so many wolves. Mr. Standish died at the age of seventy. His memory is much respected to this day.

I might tell you something here of the persecution of the Quakers, which began in 1656. Several of them were hanged or burned; but an order came over from the English king, in 1661, that no bodily punishment should be inflicted upon these unoffending people, for thinking differently from others. It is a little singular, that men who had been persecuted in their own country, as our ancestors were, should themselves become persecutors in this country.

It shows that men possessed of many virtues may commit great errors. I ought also to add, that the idea of giving every man liberty to worship God as he pleased, had not then occurred to mankind; nor had it yet been discovered, that persecution serves only to promote the cause of those who are made unjustly to suffer. All this, which seems to us so plain, was hidden from the age in which the settlers of New England lived.

I will now tell you of the celebrated Indian war, called King Philip's War, which began in

1675, and lasted nearly three years. It occasioned much distress over all New England; and some believed the Indians would succeed, as they wished to do, in driving out the whites from the country.

Philip was king of the Wampanoag Indians, and his residence was about Mount Hope, in Rhode Island, near where Bristol now stands. He had long been exerting his genius to stir up as many as possible of the New England Indians, to fall upon the white settlements from all quarters. The immediate occasion of the war was as follows:

One John Sausaman, a cunning Indian, had been civilized, or almost so, and employed as a school-master among a set of half-civilized Indians at Natick. But, after a while, he committed some misdemeanor, and fled to king Philip. The latter made him his counsellor, and intrusted him with all his secrets. Sausaman was soon tired of this life, however, and by and by returned to Natick, and informed the whites of all that was going on among the Indians.

He lost his life soon after by Philip's management. But this, though very cunningly contrived, was discovered. They who murdered him had met him crossing a pond, on the ice, and, presently after they had killed him, put his body under the ice. They left his gun and hat on the outside, that it might be supposed he had fallen through.

But Sausaman was missed by his friends ; and they searched for him till they found his body. This they examined, and observed bruises about the head. An Indian was found too, who, by accident, had seen the murder committed from a neighboring hill. By his testimony, the three murderers were convicted and hanged, one of them confessing that he was a chief counsellor of King Philip.

The latter now openly mustered his men together, and began to kill the cattle and rifle the houses of the English at Swansey. One of the whites at that place was provoked to shoot at an Indian, and wounded him. From that time, fighting began upon both sides. On the 24th of June, which was Sunday, eight men, of a large company going home from meeting, were killed ; and also two more the same day, who were sent for a surgeon.

Troops arrived at Swansey, two days after this, from Boston. They pursued the Indians at full speed. One Savage, an ensign, not twenty years old, had a bullet lodged in his thigh, on this occasion, and another shot through the brim of his hat, while he boldly held up his colors in front of his company. In the course of the pursuit, several houses along the road-side were found burned ; the leaves of a Bible—a book which the savages feared and hated—were scattered about ; and heads, hands and scalps of some of the English, were stuck upon poles near the highway.

On the 7th of July, 1675, Captain Church, of whom I shall tell you more by and by, went to Pocasset, in Rhode Island, with a company of fifteen men, to look for a party of Indians. Just at the edge of a field of peas, two Indians started up, and shouted. Something like seventy or eighty more, then sprang out from all the bushes and rocks around, and pursued the captain and his men to the sea-shore.

Here he stopped, under shelter of some high rocks, and encouraged his men, who began to tremble with the thought of being scalped. He assured them that not one of them should be hurt. He then set them to piling up a breast-work of rocks, while the Indians were howling about him on all sides, like a flock of wolves. One soldier was lugging a stone in his arms at this moment, when a bullet struck it, and fell, flattened out like a piece of money, at his feet.

The men took courage now, and fired over the rocks, till they had killed fifteen of the enemy. Just as they had spent all their powder, they were taken off to Rhode Island, by a sloop which fortunately happened to be passing by along the shore. Captain Church, after getting on board, went back to the shore alone for his hat, which he had left at a spring, during the heat of the skirmish.

July 28th, some of the English, near Brookfield, a town about sixty miles from Boston, riding carelessly along through the woods, fell into an ambush

of some hundred Indians, between a steep hill on one side, and a swamp on the other. Some of the English were killed. One Captain Wheeler, an old gentleman, who had his horse shot under him, would have been among the number, but for his son.

The latter had his arm broken by a bullet ; but he jumped from his horse in an instant, and lifted his father upon the animal. He then seized upon a horse for himself, whose rider had just fallen off dead. They escaped at a full run through the woods to Brookfield. They reached this place just in time to warn the inhabitants against the Indians. They collected hastily together into one house ; and, a moment after, the savages came yelling into the village, and set fire to every shed, barn and house, but the one where the white people were collected.

Here the latter were besieged two days and two nights. The savages poured in shot and bullets upon them incessantly. They also attempted to fire the house, by thrusting up long poles, with blazing fire-brands, and rags dipped in brimstone, tied to the ends of them. But this experiment failed ; the people in the house keeping the Indians off with their guns, which they fired from the windows, and pouring out water upon the fire-brands. There was a pump, luckily, within the house. The Indians then filled a cart with hemp, flax, and other combustible matter, stuck up boards upon it to keep off the



Indians attacking Brookfield.

shot of the English, and thrust it backwards with poles spliced together at an immense length, so that they could stand behind the walls and trees, and push it to the house. But a wheel came off, and the cart whirled round. The savages who were sitting in it with fire-brands, behind the boards, were now shot at by the English from the windows above, and ran away as well as they could. A shower providentially came up at this moment, and put out the fire they had kindled.

An hour or two after this, Major Willard, with forty-six troopers from Boston, came rushing through the woods, forced a passage through the Indian lines, and was received into the house. Some of their horses were shot by the savages. The latter had planted their own scouts and guards all about the town, to prevent such a reinforcement; and the major had even passed directly by a house where a hundred of the savages were stationed for that purpose. But they were making such a tremendous rejoicing, just then, about the cart, which, it was thought, would be sure death to the people in the house, that the troopers had passed by before they were seen. The siege was now abandoned, and the Indians retreated, having lost seventy of their number.

September 1st, they burned Squakeag, a new plantation on Connecticut river. A party of thirty-six men, coming to relieve the place, were set upon by an ambuscade of several hundred Indians,

from the bushes by the road-side. Twenty of the whites were killed, and their heads cut off, and stuck upon poles on the highway.

A fortnight after, the Indians fell, in great numbers, upon a company who were conveying and guarding 3000 bushels of corn, from Deerfield to Hadley. They killed eighty men, together with their horses and cattle. One man escaped with only a lock of hair taken off by an Indian bullet. Another escaped also, who was shot through the body in various places.

CHAPTER XII.

The Savages go into Winter Quarters. They are attacked in their Fort by the English. Anecdotes of Indians. Capture and Death of Canonchet. Distress of the New England Indians at this Time. Assault upon Groton. Death of King Philip. End of the War. Anecdote of Captain Church, and the Indian Chief Anawon.

IN the winter following the events just detailed, the savages remained chiefly within their forts and villages.

The colonies now united their forces, and resolved to make a grand attack on the fort of Sunke-Squaw, in the Narragansett country. It was built on a kind of island of five or six acres of

rising land, in the midst of a swamp. The sides of it were made of palisadoes, or pointed stakes and timbers set upright. The whole was encircled by a brush hedge, of a rod in thickness. The entrance was by a long fallen tree over a body of water, on which but one man could walk at a time.

On the 19th of December, 1675, eighteen hundred English troops, with one hundred and sixty friendly Indians in company, commenced their march for Pettyquamscot. This was about fifteen miles distant from the Indian fort, and, the way being blocked up by a deep snow, the army did not reach the place, until one in the afternoon. Some Indians at the edge of the swamp were fired upon, but fled. The whole English force now entered the marsh, and pursued the enemy to their fortress.

Here they passed over across the fallen tree, one by one, and were sorely galled by the fire of the Indians. They began to think of retreating, indeed, when, to encourage them, one of their captains cried out, "They run; the savages run." They now pressed on eagerly, sword in hand, while a detachment of Connecticut men, on the other side of the fort, leaped over the hedge, and fell upon the rear of the enemy.

This decided the contest. Their wigwams within the fort were now set on fire. In ten minutes, 600 of them, crowded closely together, were

in a full blaze. Seven hundred Indians were killed, and three hundred taken prisoners. It was a sad day for them. It is supposed there were some thousands in the fort when the English first came upon them. They were dressing their dinners at that time, and were wholly unprepared for the attack.

In the course of this year, 1675, the people of Hadley, in Massachusetts, thought proper to observe a certain day, as a day of fasting and prayer. I believe it was the 1st of September. While they were in church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. They instantly betook themselves to their arms, which, according to the custom of the times, they had taken with them to church, and, rushing out of the house, attacked their assailants.

But the panic under which they began the conflict, was so great, and their number so disproportioned to that of the savages, that, in a short time, they began to give way. At this moment, it is said, an aged man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable aspect, and with a dress differing widely from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head. He encouraged them with a firm, loud voice, and led them again to the conflict.

The savages were totally routed. But when the battle was ended, the stranger had disappeared, and no person knew whence he had come, or

whither he went. Many superstitious people believed it must have been a supernatural apparition. But it was ascertained, several years after, to have been Mr. Goffe, one of the judges and condemners of Charles I. of England. He had been obliged to leave England on that account, and had taken shelter in Hadley, where he arrived in 1654, and was secretly harbored by one Mr. Russell.

In the spring of 1676, the Indians made attacks upon Mendon, Lancaster, Marlborough, Sudbury, Weymouth and Warwick. But some of the Indians were friendly to the English, all this time, and even fought with them. One of these friendly savages, in a skirmish with a large party of the enemy, concealed himself behind a rock. But, finding that he was discovered, and that a savage stood ready to fire upon him the moment he should move, he took a stick, and gently raised his hat upon it over the rock.

The other Indian instantly fired his ball through the hat. The Indian behind the rock then rose, shot the other dead, and took the opportunity to escape. Another Indian saved himself on the same occasion, with the only Englishman who was saved, by running after the latter, with his tomahawk lifted, as if he would kill him. Another, finding himself surrounded by about fifty of the enemy, who were painted black, stooped down, besmeared his face with a handful of wet gunpow-

der, which he took from his pouch, and so, being taken for one of their own party, escaped unsuspected.

The Indians engaged in this skirmish, were soon after surprised, with their chief Canonchet, a giant of a man, in a hut near Blackstone's river, in Rhode Island. He was telling over this very exploit, and the others were laughing and howling with delight, when the English came upon them. The savages fled like deer; and none but the friendly Indians, in company with the English, could have overtaken Canonchet, who was a famous runner.

Away he went, over meadow and hill, leaping almost a rod at a time, and his enemies after him. They pressed so hard, that he soon threw off his blanket, and then a silver laced coat, which had been given him at Boston. At length, in crossing the river, his foot slipped on a smooth stone, and he fell, and wet his gun. This delayed and discouraged him.

Monopoide, a stout Pequot Indian, now came up, and laid hold upon him, with a grasp like a lion's. Canonchet made no resistance. One Stanton was the first Englishman who came up. He asked him some questions; but the haughty sachem, looking with scorn at Stanton's youthful countenance, answered, in broken English, "You too much child—you no understand—let your captain come; me talk to him." He was told

they should kill him. "I like it well," answered he; "I shall die before my heart grows soft; I shall die like an Indian sachem. Did you think I should cry, like an Englishman? You forget—I am Canonchet." This brave sachem was sentenced to be shot, and was accordingly executed at Stonington soon after.

The English had already lost six hundred men in the course of this war; but the Indians were more distressed than themselves. Their forts and wigwams were burned; their corn and beans carried off. They were driven back, too, from the rivers and the sea, and had been obliged to lie in swamps and marshes, and to feed on horse-flesh, and dog-flesh, till more of them had died from these causes than by the sword of the English. One of them said, "he had ate horse a long time, and now horse was eating him," meaning the meat was unhealthy. Their powahs told them they could never succeed against the English; and this completed their discouragement. One of their last exploits was at Groton, in Massachusetts. To give you an idea how the country towns suffered in this war, I will tell you the whole story. Early in March, 1676, a party of Indians were lurking about Groton for two days. They took possession of three out-houses, and feasted themselves upon the corn, swine, and poultry, which they found there.

They then laid an ambush for two carts, which

they saw coming out from a garrison to fetch in hay, attended by four men. Two of these espied the enemy, and escaped. The other two were attacked and taken. One of them was reserved to be tortured, who afterwards escaped; and the other was slain, stripped, scalped, and mangled. By the 13th of March, there were four hundred Indians about the town, lurking in every bush and swamp. All the inhabitants had gathered in five garrisons, four of them so near together as to admit of calling from one to the other. The fifth was a mile distant, by itself. The cattle were grazing in the pastures between.

On the morning of the 13th, an Indian party placed themselves in ambuscade, behind a hill near one of the garrisons. Two of them showed themselves, as if they were straggling alone. The white people at this time were foddering their cattle, and milking their cows. The two Indians were seen, and the alarm given, when most of the men in the two first garrisons came out to surprise them.

The Indians stopped still till the English reached the brow of the hill. The concealed Indians then rose, and killed one or two of the whites. Another party of Indians at this time took possession of the fort which the English had left. The soldiers fled to the second fort; the Indians spent the day in firing upon them from that of which they had taken possession, and in carrying off the

corn and cattle which they found there. The houses in all parts of the town had been set on fire by the Indians, and were at this time burning in every direction.

In the afternoon, an old Indian passed across the field near the fort that stood alone with, a great black sheep on his back, limping like a lame man. He was shot at from the garrison, and they were about going out to take him, when an ambush of Indians was just then discovered: they had probably employed one of their number to decoy out the garrison. He dropped his sheep now, and ran at full speed, having completely recovered from his lameness.

The savages spent the following night in yelling and dancing about great fires in the valleys near the town, where they feasted themselves upon the provisions they had taken. In the morning, they drew off, after sticking up the head of a man they had killed, upon a pole, looking towards his own farm. They did the same with another, whom they dug up from his grave for the purpose.

Their chief man in all this business was one Monoco, otherwise called "One-eyed John." When the Indians were about the garrisons, he called out to the English people, that he would burn and murder in all their villages, till no Englishman could say his life was his own for a day. He and two other famous fellows, known by the names of Old Jethro, and Sagamore Sam, were ta-

ken soon after, dragged through Boston streets in a cart, and hanged at the town's end, upon the same gibbet. This took place on the 26th of September.

Philip himself was at last surrounded in a swamp near Mount Hope, and shot through the heart, by one of his own tribe, who had deserted from him on account of an old grudge. Thus ended the life of King Philip; and the war, which he had kindled, soon after ceased. He was one of the most sagacious and powerful enemies with whom the colonies ever had to contend.

No Englishman distinguished himself more in these days than Captain Church, whom I have mentioned before. He once undertook to make a treaty with a tribe of Rhode Island Indians, who had been very troublesome, and were as fierce savages as any in the country. He visited them, on this occasion, with only two friendly Indians in his company.

At Seconet, he was received by the queen of the tribe. As the party marched up from the water, they were suddenly surrounded by a great body of Indians, who had been concealed in the tall grass. Their faces were painted, their hair trimmed in the style of war, and they had hatchets and spears in their hands. They had expected to frighten Church out of his senses, no doubt; but he only said calmly to the queen, "When people treat of peace, they lay aside their arms."

The savages now looked very surly. "Well,"

added Church, "they can carry their guns at a little distance, for form's sake." They now laid aside their guns, and sat down. Church now ate and drank with them, and passed tobacco and rum round among the grim circle. Thus they were gradually conciliated; and they soon after engaged to submit to the Plymouth government. The captain left them in excellent humor.

A month after this, Captain Church visited them, to engage them to fight for the English. On arriving, he and his attendants were conducted to a shelter, open on one side, where the queen and her sachems paid him a visit, while the multitude made the air ring with their shouts. A huge pile of dry pine was then raised near by, and set on fire.

The Indians gathered round it; the queen and her chiefs in the nearest circle; the chief warriors in the second; the common rabble in the third. The principal warrior then stepped between the Indians and the fire, with a spear in one hand and a hatchet in the other, and began to dance round and fight the fire, like a madman. He then called over the tribes of Indians hostile to the English, and, at the mention of each tribe, he drew out and flourished a fresh fire-brand.

Five other chiefs went through the same ceremony after him. One of the Indian warriors then told Church they had been making soldiers for him. "This was all me swearing them." "And now," said the queen, "we are engaged to fight

for the English. Call upon us at any time." Captain Church was well satisfied, and returned home. He had a wonderful skill in managing these savages. He would sometimes select a number from his Indian prisoners, telling them he had taken a fancy to them, and that they should fight for him, instead of being made slaves. If they looked surly, and muttered, he would slap them on the back, and say, "Come, come; this signifies nothing: my best soldiers were as cross as you. Be with me one day, and you will like me." And they always did like him, and obeyed him.

Long after this incident related above, Anawon, a brave old Indian who had fought under Philip and his father, ravaged the country about Swansey. The government of Plymouth applied to Church to go in pursuit of him. He accordingly started off with but fifteen friendly Indians, and, travelling all day through the woods, till sunset, came to the borders of the swamp where Anawon, with fifty of his savages, was fortified. Church now halted, and asked his men if they would follow him. They looked fierce and eager enough, but only answered, "We will go," in the brief Indian manner, and marched on. They soon heard a noise, when Church and two Indians, crawling forward to the edge of a precipice, saw the enemy in full view. They had cut down a tree under the rocks, and set up a row of bushes against it, to form a shelter. Great fires were burning around; pots and kettles were boiling,

and spits turning, loaded with meat. Their arms stood near, covered with a mat. Church and his men now let themselves down in the shadow of the rock, slyly as cats; and a moment after, with his hatchet in his hand, Church sprang upon Anawon himself. The old chief started up on his feet, cried out in despair, and fell backward. Ignorant of the number of their enemy, the whole company submitted. "What have you for supper?" said the captain; "I have come to sup with you." "We have horse-beef and cow-beef," said Anawon; "which do you prefer?" Church said that he thought cow-beef the pleasanter of the two, and would try a slice of that. Supper was soon ready, and soon eaten; when the captain, not having slept for two days and a night, told his men, if they would let him sleep two hours, they should sleep the whole night after.

But though they fell asleep in half an hour, and all the Indians of Anawon also, the captain and the sachem were both restless. They lay looking at each other for an hour. Anawon then arose, and walked off. Church now began to be alarmed, gathered all the arms about him, and shoved himself under the son of Anawon, so that the chief must have killed his child, had he attempted to kill Church.

But the old Indian meant no such thing. He returned, and fell at the captain's feet. "Great captain," said he, "you have killed King Philip,

and conquered his country. These things, therefore, are yours. 'They are the royalties of Philip.' He then opened a pack, and pulled out a belt nine inches wide, curiously wrought with wampum, in various figures of flowers, birds and beasts.

He then pulled out another, worn on the head of that warrior, hanging down his back, from which two flags waved behind him. A third, with a star on the end, had hung round his neck and down his breast. These, and two horns of glazed powder, and a red cloth blanket, were the royal dress of Philip. Anawon gave them all up; Church encouraged him to adhere to the English; and, from this time, neither he nor his men gave them any more trouble.

CHAPTER XIII.

Salem Witchcraft. Its Origin, Progress and Consequences. Various Anecdotes concerning it. Government of Andross. He wishes to take away the Charter of Connecticut, and is disappointed; is imprisoned. Anecdote of Captain Wardsworth. Life of Governor Phipps.

I WILL now tell you of the Salem witchcraft, or rather what was said and believed for a time to be witchcraft. Early in 1692, Mr. Paris, a minister at Salem, had two daughters, the one aged nine, and

the other eleven, who were suddenly distressed with unaccountable distempers. They had been beautiful and happy children; but they began to look wild, shriek, and tell very strange stories, and sit barefoot among the ashes in the fireplace, with their clothes loose, and their hair flying, like mad people.

The physicians, finding they could do nothing to relieve them, said "they were under an evil hand." The neighbors now began to consider them "bewitched." An Indian servant of the family went so far as to make some experiments privately, "to find out the witch." The children, hearing of this, complained of this Indian woman, that she pricked, pinched and tormented them. They said she appeared to them, also, when others could not see her or hear her, and stared them fiercely in the face, ran out her tongue at them, and frightened them excessively in various other ways.

The children would be dumb sometimes, and said they had pins thrust into their flesh, by somebody that could not be seen. Mr. Paris was much alarmed, and had several prayer-meetings and fasts at his house. After this, there was a fast kept throughout Salem; and then the General Court appointed one for the whole colony. Every body was alarmed.

But soon more persons complained of distress, and others were accused of bewitching them. At the sight of each other, the persons supposed to

be bewitched would fall into fits, and then, at the touch of each other, start up and fly about in the most astonishing manner. On the 2d of March, after an examination, some persons, accused of bewitching others, were imprisoned. Prayer-meetings were held by the ministers. But more persons became affected with the supposed witchcraft, and several more were imprisoned in April. A court was now held to try the accused persons, and several were condemned. On the 10th of June, a poor old woman was hanged at Salem, making no confession.

Five more were executed on the 19th of July, six more on the 19th of August, and eight others in September. One of these last was a minister, Mr. Burroughs. A large number of witnesses told all manner of horrid stories about him. He was a very strong man, and this confirmed them in the belief that he held intercourse with the devil. This innocent man was hanged without mercy, though the people hardly believed that his neck could be broken.

Some of the accused persons had confessed themselves guilty, for the purpose of saving their lives, for none who confessed were executed. Some people believed in another method of ascertaining the guilt of the accused. They supposed, if they were just hanged up by the throat an hour or so, and were not choked, or were thrown into a mill-pond, with a bag of stones tied to their neck, and



Execution for supposed Witchcraft.

were not drowned, why then they were wizards, or witches, and ought to be killed. If they did choke or drown, why then they must have been innocent, and it was a grievous pity they choked or drowned them. Thus absurdly reasoned some of the most ignorant and deluded of the people.

The times were fearful. Every man was suspicious of his neighbor, and alarmed for himself. Business was interrupted; people fled from their dwellings; terror was in every countenance; ludicrous and horrible stories were told about ghosts and goblins; of people that rode upon cows in the night-time, with their heads under their arms; and of old women who cantered through the air upon broomsticks.

In the evening, people hardly dared to go abroad. The children thought themselves unsafe in the dark, and were afraid to go to bed. They said they heard all manner of noises, and saw horrible eyes glaring at them in the night. Without doubt, they had learned many such stories of the Indians, who had often told them of the tricks of Hobbamocko and the powahs. So they would sit around the winter fire, by the hour, repeating these ridiculous stories, staring at each other with horror, and afraid even to go to the door.

But the excitement passed off after a time. It seems, some highly respectable persons were accused, and people began to suspect that they might

be mistaken. Mr. Paris and others made public confessions of too much haste; and six, who had said they were guilty of witchcraft, now confessed it was only to save their lives. They now said they were no more witches than "Robinson Crusoe." After a time, every body became ashamed of having believed in witchcraft. My young readers will think it natural enough that they should feel so. But some allowance must be made for people who lived in these ignorant and superstitious times.

I shall now go back a few years, to tell you of the government of Sir Edmund Andross, who, in 1686, was appointed governor of all New England. He arrived at Boston in December of that year. The first charter of Massachusetts had been taken away, and they had no longer a right, as before, to choose their own rulers. Andross was intrusted with great power; and he began his administration with promises to use it for the good of the people.

But he altered his mind, and became the greatest tyrant who ever ruled in this country. He imposed enormous taxes, and restricted the liberty of the press, and the freedom of conscience. The charter being taken away, he pretended that the titles of the people to their land were destroyed. It was a common saying with him, that an old deed was no better than the scratch of a bear's paw. Farmers, who had tilled their lands fifty years, were compelled to give great fees for retain-

ing possession of them. If they refused, their lands were sold to others. Andross even prevented the people from meeting to consult together, and from going or sending to England, to complain of his conduct.

In October, 1687, he went to Hartford, with sixty attendants, for the purpose of demanding the Connecticut charter of the Assembly, who were then sitting. Governor Treat argued with him about the propriety of taking it away, till it was late in the evening, and large numbers of people had assembled. The charter had been brought into the assembly room, meanwhile, and laid upon a table, as if to be given up.

At this moment, all the lights in the room were suddenly extinguished, and one Captain Wardsworth carried off the charter in the most secret manner. He hid it in a large hollow tree. This is still standing in Hartford, and is called the Charter Oak. The people appeared peaceable and quiet, as if they knew nothing of the matter, and took great pains to light the candles again; when, behold! nothing was to be seen of the charter, or of any person who knew any thing about it.

But the government of Andross was a short one. News came to Boston, in April of the next spring, that King James, who appointed him, had fled from England, and that the prince of Orange, called William III, had become king. The governor imprisoned the man who brought the news,

and ordered the people to arm in defence of the rights of King James.

But, on the morning of the 18th, the Boston people armed for a very different purpose. The whole town was in an uproar. They determined to do themselves justice. The country people flocked in to their assistance. Andross and his associates fled to a fort; but they were all seized, and thrown into prison, and soon after sent to England to be tried.

There was some disturbance at Hartford, not long after. For some reason or other, which the Hartford people considered a poor one, Governor Fletcher, of New York, insisted upon having the command of the Connecticut militia, whom he wished to order out against the French and Indians, on the frontiers. The Assembly refused to let them go; and he came to Hartford to enforce his demand.

The trainbands of the town had assembled, at this time, for exercising. While Captain Wardsworth, the senior officer, was walking in front of the ranks, and giving the word of command, by way of drilling them, Fletcher came up, and ordered what he called his royal commission to be read. The person who carried it for him began to read accordingly.

"Beat the drums!" shouted Wardsworth, at this moment; and there was such a rattling of some half a dozen of them, that nothing else could be

heard. "Silence!" cried Colonel Fletcher; "begin again with the commission." The man began again. "Music! music! I say," shouted Wardsworth again. The drummers understood their business; and they thumped and pounded away at a tremendous rate—bass-drums, kettle-drums and all, not to mention the fifes.

"Silence! silence!" cries the colonel. But no sooner was there silence, than Wardsworth, who was a stout, brave fellow as ever breathed, with terribly fierce looking whiskers, turned about, walked up to the colonel, and said to him, with a look which made him tremble, "If I am interrupted in exercising my soldiers, or my drummers again, sir, I will see that the sun shines through you the next moment. Drums! drums! I say." Wardsworth now turned his back upon Fletcher, who, soon after, thought it advisable to leave Hartford; and he gave no more trouble.

I shall close this chapter with some account of Sir William Phipps, who succeeded Andross in the government of Massachusetts. In 1683, he applied to the king for leave to fit out a vessel for the purpose of looking up the wreck of a Spanish ship, which had been sunk near one of the West India islands, richly laden with silver.

His request was finally granted; and a frigate of eighteen guns, carrying ninety-five men, was placed under his command. He encountered many difficulties in the voyage; and twice came

very near losing his life by a mutiny of his crew. On one of these occasions as the ship lay by an island, for the purpose of taking on board a fresh supply of wood and water, a part of the crew agreed to take her into their own hands, and make a piratical expedition into the South Seas.

They were all upon the island but Phipps and eight of his crew. Among these eight was the carpenter, whose services the mutineers very much needed ; so they sent one of their number to the ship, requesting him to come to them, as they had something for him to do. He came, and they told him their plan of setting the captain and the eight men with him upon the island, and there leave them to perish, while they would take the ship and perform the proposed voyage.

They gave the carpenter half an hour to make up his mind, and sent him back, attended by a seaman, to prevent any interview between him and the captain. But while at work on the ship, he suddenly feigned an attack of the colic, and rushed into the cabin to obtain some drink, to relieve it. There he informed Captain Phipps of the whole business, who directed him to return on shore, and apparently consent to join the conspiracy.

When the carpenter had gone, Phipps ordered the men on board to prepare the cannon for action, remove the plank between the vessel and the shore, and permit none but the carpenter to approach the

vessel. The mutineers by and by made their appearance, and, coming down the hills towards the shore, prepared to execute their scheme. The captain ordered them to keep off, and told them they should remain upon the island and perish.

"We will see about that," cried these desperadoes; and they began to come on rather fiercely. "Ready!" shouted the captain to his men at the guns. The mutineers now began to rail at him. "Take aim!" said the commander. They saw, now, that their plan had been discovered. They gave up their project, implored pardon on their knees, and promised to submit to any terms. Phipps was finally induced to take them on board, and sailed off again; but afterwards exchanged them at Jamaica for other seamen.

After a fruitless search for the wreck, he returned to England. But, by the advice of an old Spaniard, he resolved to try again; and so a vessel was fitted out for him, with a better crew, under the patronage of the Duke of Albemarle. At a port in the West Indies, he had a canoe made from a cotton tree, large enough to carry eight men; and, with the old Spaniard for a guide, commenced a new search for the wreck.

They floated about, fishing for the sunken treasure, week after week, among rocks and shoals. Once or twice they determined to abandon the search; and at last were returning, discouraged,

to the ship, when one of the men, looking into the water, thought he saw a feather growing out of a rock. An expert Indian diver was ordered to plunge down and bring it up.

He did so, and gave an account, when he came up, of some large guns he had seen under water. He went down again, and, to the joy and astonishment of all, brought up a lump of silver, which proved to be worth a thousand dollars. Diving-bells and other instruments were now procured as soon as possible, and all hands set to work. They raised, in a few days, the immense quantity of thirty-two tons of silver.

Captain Addbily, an adventurer from Providence, and a particular friend of Captain Phipps, obtained six tons at the same time. He was so overjoyed with his immense wealth, that he became insane, and died in less than two years. Phipps arrived safe in London, in 1687, with a cargo valued at a million and a half of dollars. He made an honest distribution of it among all who were concerned in the vessel, and received seventy-five thousand dollars for his own share.

The Duke of Albemarle gave Phipps's wife, who was then in New England, a gold cup, worth a thousand pounds; and King James gave Phipps himself the honor of knighthood, from which time he was called Sir William Phipps. This fortunate adventurer was born in February, 1650, at a little plantation on the river Kennebec, in Maine. His

father was a blacksmith, and our hero, having married the daughter of one Roger Spencer, had moved to Boston, and followed the same trade.

He is said to have frequently promised his wife, even then, that he would one day command a king's ship, and be the owner of a good brick house, in Green Lane, North Boston, both which things came to pass. He built a brick house in that very spot, while he was governor.

CHAPTER XIV.

A new Indian War. Various Massacres and Skirmishes. Anecdote of one Stone. Attack on Wells. Story of Mr. Crawford. Expedition to Canada. Peace of Utrecht. A great Fire in Boston. Prevalence of the Small-Pox. An Earthquake.

ABOUT the time of Phipps's coming over to assume his government, as before mentioned, an Indian war broke out, from various provocations, in various places. The first blood was shed at North Yarmouth, in Maine.

Some time during the spring after this, a sachem named Mesandowit, with two Indian women, came to a fortified house, at Cocheco, now Dover, in New Hampshire, which was under the care of Major Waldron, a venerable old gentleman, who had distinguished himself in the Indian wars.

They requested a lodging for the night, and the major received them, and treated them kindly.

In the course of the night, while the garrison were asleep, the savages opened the outer door of the house, and admitted a body of their warriors from without, who had lain in the woods near by, waiting for the success of this plot. They rushed into Major Waldron's room, and found him in bed. He seized his sword, and drove them out of the room; but one of them, who had stolen behind him, knocked him down with a hatchet. They then seated him in an elbow chair upon a table, and, having tormented him in a manner too horrible to be related, placed his sword with the point upwards, as he fell from the table, and thus killed him. They afterwards committed several other murders in the neighborhood, and then fled, carrying with them several prisoners and a large quantity of plunder.

Some Saco men were killed soon after, and, also, five out of twenty-four, who went to bury their bodies. In August, the savages took the fort at Pemaquid, now Bristol, in Maine; and the people around Falmouth, now Portland, were so alarmed as to crowd into that town for safety. Casco was assaulted, and, the next season, Salmon Falls. The Indians, in the latter case, were commanded by a Frenchman. They murdered thirty persons, and carried off fifty as prisoners to Canada.

One of these, named Robert Rogers, undertook

to escape ; but he was overtaken, stripped, beaten, tied to a tree, and burned alive ; the savages dancing and singing around him, cutting off pieces of his flesh, and throwing them in his face.

As the French were the instigators of the Indians, an attack was made upon them in their own territory. An expedition was fitted out against Canada, under Governor Phipps. He took possession of the province of Nova Scotia, and arrived, in October, with thirty-two vessels, before Quebec. But the season was too far advanced ; the troops were sick and discouraged ; and the expedition returned with the loss of a thousand men.

In the course of this Indian war, a body of the savages attacked the town of Haverhill, in Massachusetts. A dozen of them, arrayed in all the terrors of the Indian war-dress, approached the house of a Mr. Dunstan. This man was abroad at his usual labor.

Upon the first alarm, he flew to the house, with the hope of rescuing his family. This consisted of his sick wife, with eight children, one of them only a week old. Seven of the children were ordered to escape as fast as possible, while he himself undertook to assist his wife. But before she could leave her bed, the savages were at hand. Mr. Dunstan, in despair of rendering his wife any assistance, flew to the door, mounted his horse, and determined, when he should overtake his children, to snatch up that one among the number

whom he could least bear to leave with the savages. But when he came up with them, about two hundred yards from his house, he found himself unwilling to leave any of his dear children, and resolved to defend them, or die by their side.

A body of the Indians pursued, and began to fire upon him and his little company, at a short distance. Dunstan returned the fire, and retreated, alternately. For more than a mile, he kept up a resolute defence, in the face of his enemy, retiring in the rear of his children. At length he lodged them all safely in a distant house.

Meanwhile, another party of the Indians had entered his own house, immediately after he had left it. Here were Mrs. Dunstan, her infant and her nurse. Mrs. Dunstan was preparing to fly with the infant in her arms. The Indians ordered her to rise instantly from her bed; and, before she could completely dress herself, obliged her, with the nurse, to quit the house, which they plundered and burned.

The two prisoners were carried for many miles into the northern woods, and kept till spring among the Indians. They effected their escape, finally, by killing in their sleep ten out of twelve Indians, who had the charge of them, on a march from one Indian village to another. The other two escaped; Mrs. Dunstan and the nurse fled as fast as possible through the wilderness, and, after a long journey, arrived safely at Haverhill.



Mr. Dunstan saving his family.

The Indians fell upon Casco, Berwick, Wells, Amesbury and Rowley, in the course of the season. At the latter place, Mr. Goodridge, with his wife and two daughters, was killed. It was Sabbath evening, and the poor man was praying, with his family on their knees around him. The Indians fired through the windows, and wounded him mortally. "I am a dead man," cried he to his family; "fly for the garrison." They fled, but three of them were shot on the way. A daughter, who was taken prisoner and redeemed, lived to be eighty-nine years of age.

In a skirmish near Exeter, New Hampshire, nine of the English were shot. One Simon Stone, who was too badly wounded to run away, fell flat among the nine, with his eyes closed, pretending to be dead. The Indians stripped him, and undertook, with two blows of a hatchet, to sever his head from his body; but they did not succeed, though the wounds were dreadful.

The English rallied, and returned upon them suddenly; and therefore they did not scalp him. While burying the dead, Stone was observed to gasp, as they turned him over. His kind neighbors poured a little water, and then a little spirits, into his mouth. He opened his eyes in a few minutes, and, being carefully conveyed home, and nursed, wholly recovered in a few months.

In January, 1692, five hundred Indians, under one Burriff, a Frenchman, made a violent assault

upon Wells, in Maine. There were fifteen men in the garrison, and fifteen more in two sloops, which lay a little more than a gun-shot off. These vessels had just arrived there with ammunition and stores. After a speech from their famous chiefs, Warumbo and Moxus, the savages rushed out from the woods, and began to fire upon the garrison, with hideous yells and shouts.

The soldiers gave them a hot reception ; and the Indians retreated to attack the sloops, which lay in a creek barely wide enough, at low water, to prevent them from leaping aboard. From a turn in this creek, they could come near enough to throw handfuls of mud on board, without exposing their own persons. They poured showers of balls from behind a stack of hay and a pile of plank, which were near. They at last succeeded in setting the sloops on fire, by shooting burning arrows ; but the flames were soon extinguished by the crew.

The brave sailors treated the enemy as roughly as the garrison had done. The Indians, therefore, retreated, but continued alternately to attack the sloops and the fort, trying all manner of stratagems for the capture of both. They erected a platform on a pair of wheels, with a raised front, which was bullet-proof, and pushed it towards the sloops, loaded with French and Indians. It came slowly along by the side of the channel, bursting out with fire and smoke, till within fifteen yards of the vessels, when one wheel sunk in the mire. A

Frenchman got off to lift it out. One Storer now levelled his gun from the sloop, and the Frenchman fell. Another took his place, and Storer laid him by the side of his fellow. The tide was now fast rising ; the rolling battery was soon overturned by it, and the enemy fled in every direction, many being shot down as they attempted to escape.

They then built a sort of fire-ship, twenty feet square, loaded with hay, and other combustible substances. They set it on fire, and guided this raft of flames as near the sloops as they dared ; they then left it, and swam ashore, the wind bearing it down stream directly upon the sloops. The crew now gave up all for lost, and fell upon their knees in terror. But the wind providentially changed at this very moment. The raft was dashed on the shore, and so shattered that the water extinguished the flames. The enemy became weary at last ; and so, having continued the siege forty-eight hours, and killed but two of the English, while they lost numbers of their own party, they sullenly retreated into the woods. This was nearly the last skirmish of the war of King William. It commenced in 1690, and continued until 1697, when it was closed by a peace concluded at Ryswick, in Germany, between the French and English governments.

Another war between these two nations broke out in Queen Anne's time. As before, the colo-

nies were involved in the struggle. The French, in Canada, employed the Indians again, and fell upon the settlements along the frontier.

On the 29th of February, 1704, three hundred French and Indians, under the command of the infamous Hextel de Rouville, broke in upon the village of Deerfield, a little before day-break. The inhabitants happened to be unusually off their guard that night. A regular watch had been appointed to patrol the village all night; but these watchmen partook of the common carelessness, and lay down to sleep on their posts, two hours before day.

The savages had been for some time employed in reconnoitring the town, in their sly and secret manner. Perceiving every thing to be quiet, they suddenly rushed out of the woods, attacked the fortified house, in which the garrison was kept, and soon made themselves masters of it, without difficulty.

A party of them then forced the doors of the house of Mr. Williams, the clergyman. Awaked by the noise which they made in their entrance, he saw a number of them gliding into his bed-room. He snapped his pistol, which he kept always under his pillow, at the Indian who came first to his bedside; but it flashed in the pan, and Mr. Williams was immediately seized, disarmed, and bound, and kept standing in his shirt nearly an hour.

His house, in the mean time, was plundered of

every thing valuable ; and two of his children, together with a female black servant, were killed before the door. They then permitted Mr. Williams and his wife, with five other children, to put on their clothes. The town around them was now on fire ; and every house, but the one next to that of Mr. Williams, presented all the horrors of desolation and slaughter.

This house last mentioned, though attacked by the whole force of the enemy, was so gallantly defended, that the invaders despaired of success, and withdrew. The house is still standing, I have been told, with a hole in the door, cut by these savages, and the marks of their hatchets on the walls. Mr. Williams's own house was set on fire last of all, and himself and his family, with many others, were carried off captive to Canada. After two years, these poor people were redeemed. They arrived at Boston, from Quebec, in October, 1706.

In 1706, the Indians killed eight white people at Oyster river, in New Hampshire. The garrison was near, but not a man was in it. The women within put on hats, however, loosened their hair, and blazed away with the muskets so briskly from the windows, that the enemy fled, without even plundering the house they had assaulted.

The commander of a certain fort in a back town in Massachusetts, about this time, having discovered the Indians lurking about in the woods,

sent notice of the fact to the village some miles distant, by one Crawford and another man. He told them to avoid the travelled roads, and not to speak aloud to each other on the way. After going on some miles in this manner, Crawford, who kept his eyes wide open on occasions like this, espied an Indian near him, who was stooping, and appeared to be tying his moccason.

Crawford made a sign to his companion, and, while they were whispering together, the Indian rose and discovered them. He then screamed, and ran, leaping like a deer, through the brushwood. Crawford fired; the Indian yelled again, and fell dead. A second Indian then fired upon the two whites from behind a tree. Crawford's companion returned the fire, and wounded him. His yells brought other savages to the spot; but the Englishmen fled, and escaped.

As a premium of near two hundred dollars was then given by the government of the colony for Indian scalps, Crawford went back, some time after, with a friendly Indian, to search for the dead body. On arriving at the place, the Indian, saying nothing, began to look around for dead bushes, and, whenever he found one, endeavored to pull it up. He tried one, at last, that came up easily. Here, said he to Crawford, must be the body. They dug there, and found it, took off the scalp, carried it to Boston, and received the premium. It was an Indian custom in war, it would seem, to bury

their dead in this manner, when they could not carry them away.

In 1711, an expedition was fitted out from Boston, under General Nicholson, to attempt the conquest of Canada, by the way of the river St. Lawrence. Five ships of war, with 6500 men on board, were engaged in the enterprise. But eight transports, belonging to the fleet, and carrying soldiers, were wrecked at Egg Island, upon the way; and a thousand men perished. These were all English soldiers, except one who was from New England. The enterprise was given up; and the French and Indians became more troublesome than ever.

The peace called the peace of Utrecht took place in 1712. In America, it was proclaimed first at Portsmouth, October 29th; and never was a peace more welcome. For forty years, with brief intervals of peace, had the colonies been bleeding; and five or six thousand men had perished, either in battle, or by disease in the army.

A fire consumed a large part of Boston in 1711. Ten years after, the small-pox was very mortal there, and in the neighborhood. Eight hundred and forty-four people died of it in that town alone. Dr. Cotton Mather had heard or read of inoculation among the Turks, and he recommended it to the physicians of Boston; but, for some time, Dr. Boylston alone had the courage to try it.

Some people thought there was sorcery in it ; and though it was partially adopted, and finally checked the disease, it made Mr. Mather a very suspicious character ; so much superstition still prevailed in the community.

The greatest earthquake ever known in New England took place in 1727. It happened at ten in the evening of October 29th ; the atmosphere being perfectly calm and clear, and the moon shining brightly. The shock extended several hundred miles, houses rocking, tables and chairs shaking on the floor, and crockery ware rattling on the shelves. In Newbury, the earth burst open in several places. A general alarm was produced ; and a serious reformation of morals is said to have been the consequence.

In 1735, an extensive and fatal epidemic prevailed, called the throat-distemper, from appearing in white or ash-colored specks upon the throat. In New Hampshire alone, which had then only fifteen towns, one thousand persons were carried off by it, nine hundred of whom were under twenty years of age. At Hampton Falls, twenty families buried all their children. In Byfield, one hundred and four died in the course of thirteen months ; and these were a seventh part of the population of the place. Eight of one family were buried. The disease occasioned the most terrible distress, the miserable patient writhing under it as if he were on a bed of coals.

CHAPTER XV.

War between England and France. More Trouble with the Indians. The City of Louisburgh taken from the French. Arrival and Destruction of a French Fleet the next Season. Defeat and Death of General Braddock. Expedition to Nova Scotia. The French defeated by General Johnson. Baron Dieskau captured.

I HAVE already told you of two wars between England and France, which brought great calamities upon the New England colonies. The first, called King William's War, you will recollect, commenced in 1690, and terminated seven years after. That of Queen Anne began in 1702, and lasted about ten years. I am now going to tell you about another war between these two nations, in which the colonies were again involved. This war began in 1744, and lasted four years. It was called King George's War, George II. being then on the throne of England.

Vast efforts were made by the French in the direction of Canada. The Indians were instigated to fall upon the colonies from all quarters; and forts and trading-houses were set up on the rivers and lakes along the frontiers, wherever it was most convenient to assemble and send out the Indians.

These trading-houses were strong and large

buildings, chiefly of timber and plank, rudely constructed, but answering all the purposes of a deposit of goods, and a dwelling for a few families. To their establishments of this kind, the French traders resorted, to exchange blankets, beads, hatchets and muskets, for the Indian furs; and here solemn councils were held by the French commanders, which the Indians were invited to attend. Great stories were told them, of course, about the power and generosity of the French, and the poverty and enmity of the English colonies. By these stories, promises, presents, and perhaps some threats, vast numbers of the savages were induced to commence again the business of scalping and burning upon the English frontiers.

The most advanced English fortress, at this time, in Massachusetts, was at Hoosick, now Williamstown. It was erected to defend the frontiers in that quarter. In the course of this war, an army of nine hundred French and Indians set out from Canada, to attack this place. It was commanded by Colonel Hawks, who, with thirty-three persons only in the garrison, including women and children, and but poorly provided with ammunition, defended the fort for twenty-eight hours.

By the end of that time, the powder was entirely exhausted. A surrender was agreed upon, with the condition that none of the prisoners should be given up to the Indians. The very day after this, however, they were divided, and half were allotted

to the savages, who insisted upon having them. One of the captives, who was unable to travel, was immediately killed. The others were carried into a long and distressing captivity.

In the first year of the war, four thousand men were mustered by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, to go against Louisburgh, a very strongly fortified French town, on the island of Cape Breton. It was supposed by the French, that this place could not be taken. A small English fleet, under Commodore Warren, joined the expedition.

About the last of April, 1745, the troops landed in Chapeaugogue Bay. The discovery of the transports at day-break was the first notice which the enemy had of the enterprise. On the second day after landing, four hundred men marched round behind the hills, to the northeast part of the harbor. They there burned the warehouses, containing the French naval stores.

The clouds of thick smoke, arising from the pitch and tar, and driven by the wind against the great battery of the French, terrified them to such a degree, that they abandoned the battery, spiked the cannon, threw the powder into the well, and retired to the city. The hardships of the siege that now followed, were beyond conception. Fourteen nights successively was the army employed in drawing cannon and mortars for two miles, through a morass, to their camp.

The Americans were yoked together and har-

nessed, and performed the labor of oxen. This could be done in the night, or in thick fogs only, the place being in clear view, and within random shot of the enemy's walls. The English fleet, meanwhile, was cruising off the mouth of the harbor. On the 19th of May, they captured the *Vigilant*, a sixty gun French ship, with five hundred and sixty men on board, and a great variety of military stores, intended for the relief of the garrison. This capture, and the erection of strong batteries against the walls at all points, finally determined the commander of Louisburgh to surrender the city. The capitulation took place on the 17th of June.

As French vessels were expected from all quarters at this season, the French flag was kept flying over the walls, as a decoy. A day or two after the surrender, two large East India ships, and a South Sea ship, belonging to the French, sailed into the mouth of the harbor, without suspicion, and were taken by Commodore Warren. More than three millions of dollars were found on board of them. These events occasioned great joy among the colonies, and no little surprise, as well as triumph, in England.

But the inhabitants of the New England coast were greatly alarmed, the next season, by the arrival in the neighboring seas, of a French fleet of twenty ships of war, and eight thousand men, carried by a hundred transports. The New England troops were called in from all quarters ; the towns

on the coast were hastily fortified. They were relieved, however, both from fear and danger, by a sickness which raged in the fleet so mortally, that thirteen hundred men died at sea. The rest were dispirited. The fleet was separated and shattered, soon after, by a tempest. Mortified and discouraged, the commander-in-chief, an eminent French nobleman, put an end to his life by poison, and the second in command killed himself by falling on his own sword.

This war ended with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748. But hostilities between the two countries began again in 1755. This is the commencement of what is called the old French war. An expedition of two thousand men, under General Braddock, set out, on the 20th of April, for the French fort Du Quesne, situated where Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, now stands.

Braddock was a brave man, but he had no knowledge of fighting among mountains, morasses and rivers; and he was too haughty to ask advice of his officers. Among the most distinguished of the latter was Colonel Washington, afterwards General Washington.

After an extremely arduous march, they arrived at the river Monongahela, on the 9th of July. They passed it about noon, that day, and were now within seven miles of the fort. Having halted his troops for an hour or two, to refresh them, Braddock resumed his march. Both he and his

English troops advanced through the forest with a feeling of perfect security. They were little aware of the fate which awaited them. The Americans only, under Washington, seemed to be in any degree apprehensive of an Indian ambuscade.

All at once, the yells and war-whoops of the savages were heard on every side at the same moment. The woods seemed to be alive with the enemy, an instant after. They rushed out on all sides, from every bush and tree, and fell upon the English troops. The latter were completely surprised; their presence of mind utterly failed them; four hundred of them lay dead upon the ground within an hour; and the gallant, but imprudent and impetuous Braddock himself was among the number.

He had rather disdainfully ordered Washington, with his raw American militia, to march in the rear. They were supposed to be least needed, and perhaps least to be depended on, of the whole army. But the event proved otherwise. Washington now directed, and, with his own brave followers, covered the retreat of the English. He distinguished himself by all that excellent judgment and perfect composure, which were long afterwards of so much benefit to his country. By his exertions, order was at last restored. But the expedition was abandoned, and the troops returned, through the woods, to the col-



Braddock's Defeat.

onies, not without serious molestation from the savages.

Under the English General Monckton, and Colonel Winslow, of Marshfield, an expedition was sent against Nova Scotia, the same season, which met with better success. With the loss of only twenty men, from first to last, they attacked and routed four hundred of the French, at Massaquash, where they landed, and took their block-house and breast-works. They afterwards captured two strong forts at Beau-Sejour, and at Bay Verte, and disarmed fifteen thousand of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia.

Five thousand men, under Colonel Johnson, were also sent against Crown Point, upon Lake Champlain. About the end of August, he arrived at the south end of Lake George. Soon after forming his encampment here, he was informed by his Indian scouts, that the French Baron Dieskau was marching against him from Crown Point, with eighteen hundred men.

A scout came to Johnson's tent in great haste, about 12 o'clock the same night, and told him he had seen the enemy four miles to the northward of Fort Edward. He therefore sent out a thousand of his own men, with two hundred Indians, to fall upon the enemy, as they came on. His own camp was upon the banks of the lake, covered on both sides with a swamp of thick wood. A kind of breast-

work was immediately raised of trees felled for that purpose, and his whole force prepared, as rapidly as possible, for action.

A heavy fire was heard, about an hour after the departure of the detachment just mentioned. It seemed to be within three or four miles. The drums now beat to arms; and a party of three hundred men was sent out to reinforce the others. Presently the Indians came running in with the information, that the detachment was surrounded on all sides, and attempting to retreat. Half an hour after, the whole party, reinforcement and all, came in, in large and disorderly bodies, having suffered considerable loss.

Johnson now manned his breastwork. At half past 11, the enemy were seen to approach, marching in the most regular manner, and advancing towards the very centre of the encampment. They halted, however, at one hundred and fifty yards distance, the French troops forming in the centre, and the Canadians and Indians filing off upon the flanks.

The French now commenced firing. They were answered by the artillery from the breastwork. The French Indians undertook to avoid this unpleasant part of the business, as they were apt to do in like cases.

They betook themselves to the trees and swamps, with the Canadian militia, where they kept up a scattering fire upon the English flanks. The ar-

tillery was too severe even for the French regulars, and Dieskau soon ordered a retreat. This was executed with considerable haste and disorder.

A small party from the English camp now leaped over the breastwork, fell upon the rear of the enemy, and dispersed the forces near the person of the commander. Being wounded in the leg, Dieskau himself could not travel. His attendants abandoned him in their haste, and he was found, by some of the party from the breastwork, alone, and unable to move, resting on the stump of a tree. A provincial soldier approaching him, the baron felt for his watch to give him. The soldier, thinking he was in search of a pocket-pistol, discharged his musket, and gave him a dangerous wound in the hip. In this state he was taken prisoner. More than six hundred of the enemy were killed, and only about sixty of the English.

CHAPTER XVI.

Siege of Fort William Henry by the French. It surrenders. Massacre of the Prisoners by the Indians. Anecdotes of General Putnam. Story of one Carver.

THE most memorable event during the year 1757, was the Indian massacre of the English at Fort William Henry, on Lake George. A large English force lay at Fort Edward at this time, un-

der General Webb. Montcalm now commanded the French and Indians. As early as March 20th, he marched down the lake from Crown Point, and attempted to carry Fort William Henry by surprise.

But the garrison were vigilant, and drove him back. He succeeded, however, in burning two sloops on the lake, and one on the stocks, almost all the batteaux, or flat-bottomed lake boats, the store-houses, all the huts of the scouts, and every thing else not within reach of the fort guns. He then returned up the lake, to prepare anew for the siege of the fort.

At this time, General Webb was desirous of ascertaining the condition of the French forts on Lake Champlain, but had no means of procuring the necessary information. The hostile Indians traversed the country to such an extent, that his scouts were afraid to venture so far. But the brave Major Putnam, afterwards distinguished as General Putnam, volunteered his services. He undertook to go in the day time, with five men, land at the Northwest Bay, so called, send back his boat, and tarry himself till he should learn all that the general desired.

The latter would not permit him to go with less than eighteen men. With this small force, he undertook to effect all his objects. Before he arrived at the bay, he discovered a body of men on one of the islands in the lake. Leaving two of his

boats to fish at a little distance, that no suspicion might be incurred, he returned himself with this information. General Webb, who had attended him as far as the lake, saw him rowing back in a single boat, with great velocity, and supposed that the others were captured. But Putnam soon satisfied him how matters were, and once more started off to join his companions.

He pushed on up the lake, till he discovered a large French army in motion, on the other side. At last, he was himself seen by the enemy. Several of their Indians pursued him in canoes; and it was only by the most powerful exertion of his giant strength, that he narrowly escaped across the lake. He told Webb what he had seen. The latter enjoined secrecy upon him, and directed him to prepare for returning to Fort Edward.

But Putnam wished to be engaged in surprising the enemy on the lake. "I hope," said he, respectfully, "that your excellency does not intend to neglect so fair a chance to give battle, should the enemy land, now that we have taken the trouble to come so far as Fort Henry." "Pho!" answered Webb, "what do you think we could do here?" The general returned to Fort Edward the next day. On his arrival there, Colonel Munro was ordered off with his regiment, to reinforce the garrison at Fort Henry, and take command of it.

The very day after, Lake George, in the course of the forenoon, was covered with boats of all

sizes. A large French and Indian army was approaching the fort. Montcalm soon effected a landing, and commenced the siege. He called upon Munro to surrender, and even advised him to do so, in a letter. This, he said, was for fear his Indian allies would get so eager for blood, after a while, and so irritated by resistance, that he might not be able to prevent them from murdering the garrison.

Munro was a distinguished and brave officer; and he sent word back, that the fort had been intrusted to his care by his general, and, come what would, he was resolved to defend it. His garrison consisted of more than two thousand men; and he sent repeated expresses to General Webb, at Fort Edward, which was distant but a few miles, for assistance. Accordingly, in the course of a week, the latter ordered General Johnson to march for the besieged fort with all the American regiments, and the rangers or scouts under Putnam. But they had hardly advanced three miles, when they were ordered back, for some reason or other, and word was sent to Munro, to surrender upon the best terms he could get.

Cowardice was imputed to Webb by many people, and some private pique against Munro; by others. It is, at all events, certain, that Montcalm himself was surprised by the conduct of Webb, especially as his Indian scouts had come in, and told him that an immense force had started from

Fort Edward. "How many?" asked Montcalm. "If you can count the leaves," answered the Indians, "you can count them." The operations of the siege were even suspended, and the garrison began to triumph. Montcalm hastened to prepare for battle. But another Indian runner brought word, presently, that the English reinforcement had gone back, and there was nothing to fear.

Munro was compelled to surrender at last, after a gallant defence, his provisions and powder being entirely exhausted. It was agreed, that he and his garrison should be escorted to Fort Edward, by a French guard, on condition of serving no more against the French for eighteen months. This was the 9th of August. The morning after, the whole garrison, of two thousand men, besides women and children, were drawn out within the lines, ready to march off.

But the Indians now gathered about them, and began to plunder. The English had their arms with them, but no powder. The savages could, of course, do as they pleased. They soon attacked the sick and wounded; when such as were not able to crawl into the ranks, were despatched with the tomahawk, notwithstanding their shrieks and groans. The English troops, alarmed and embarrassed, now began to move. But the first division soon came running back; they had been encircled and assaulted by the Indians.—I will now tell you the adventures of Mr. Carver,

a Connecticut captain, who belonged to the garrison.

He had marched out among the front division, it seems, but he soon shared the fate of his comrades: three or four savages laid hold of him; some held their sharp, glittering tomahawks over his head, and the rest stripped him of his coat, waistcoat, hat, buckles, and every article which he carried in his pockets. This was not far from the French lines, on the plain. Carver broke away from his assailants, and ran to a French sentinel, and claimed his protection. "Begone! Begone! thou English dog!" cried the Frenchman; and he thrust him back among the Indians, with violence.

He now attempted to join a body of the English troops, who were crowded together at a distance. He had to pass, by main strength, through a throng of the savages: luckily, they were too near together to strike him down without endangering each other. One of them, however, made a thrust at him with a knife, which grazed his side; another cut him severely in the ankle. Before he reached the English party, they had scratched and torn his flesh in many places, and nothing remained, even of his shirt, but the collar and wristbands.

By this time, the war-whoop was sounded; and the savages began to murder those who were nearest to them, without distinction. The scene be-

came indescribably terrible; men, women and children were beaten down in the most barbarous manner, and scalped. The savages drank the very blood of their victims, as it flowed warm from the fatal wounds. The poor English were now running and shrieking in all quarters. The Indians were about them, while the French officers, whether unable or unwilling to interfere, were seen walking to and fro by their tents at some distance on the plain.

Carver soon found his situation insecure. The circle of friends, whom he had reached, was fast diminishing. About twenty of them, therefore, with the strong love of life, which almost always continues to its last hour, resolved to make a desperate effort to cut through the savages who now surrounded them. They rushed forward, but were soon separated. Carver never knew, till some months after, that six of them only had escaped.

He turned neither back nor aside to look for them; but pressed on, using all possible coolness in avoiding the blows of the savages. He was young and athletic; but two very stout chiefs succeeded in laying hold of him, after a while. They were strong as giants; and they led Carver off between them like a child.

He now gave himself up for lost. They were hurrying him towards a retired swamp, at some distance in the woods. But they had gone a few yards only, when an English gentleman rushed by

them. The Indians guessed by the only clothes that were left upon him, his red velvet breeches, that he was a man of some rank, and probably had money about him. One of them left Carver, and sprang upon the Englishman; but he was strong and desperate; he flung the savage to the ground, with a violent effort, and would probably have escaped; but the other chief now left Carver, and came to the aid of his fellow.

Carver took the opportunity to fly at full speed. But he could not forbear turning about to witness the fate of the Englishman. He was struggling with the two chiefs like a lion. But he had no arms, and in a few moments a tomahawk was buried in his head. Carver heard the last groan of the miserable man, and rushed on. A few minutes after, he was stopped by a fine looking boy, who came running to him, breathless and pale, seized him desperately by his hand, and implored him, with tears, to save him. Carver took the little fellow by the hand, and encouraged him to fly with himself; but a stout Indian pursued and grappled the poor boy a moment after. Carver heard the terrible shrieks of the young victim, but dared not stop to look back.

He had now reached the English party, which had advanced farthest from the fort; and he determined to attempt forcing his way to the woods, through the outer ranks of the Indians. In this he succeeded, but had scarcely entered the forest,

when his utter exhaustion compelled him to throw himself into a brake, and stretch himself out, being almost at the last gasp.

But he began to breathe freely, after some time. As he saw the savages passing near by him, however, and probably in search of him, he dared not stir for some hours. Finally, he entered the thickest part of the wood, hastening on as fast as the briars and bushes, and the loss of his shoes, would permit. He reached a hill, after some hours' slow progress, where he could see the bloody plain of the massacre. He stopped only to look back on the horrible scene, and weep for the fate of his comrades, and then pressed on through the woods, three days and three nights, till he reached Fort Edward.

About fifteen hundred persons were either killed or captured during this fatal day. Numbers, who were carried away, never returned. Tears were shed, months and years after, by many a young wife and gray-haired parent; and long were the wretched captives waited and wept for, by the circles of children who had sat upon their knees, in the bright cottages of New England.

Colonel Monro escaped to the French camp soon after the massacre began. He there endeavored to procure the guard agreed upon in the terms of surrender; but it was refused. He was compelled to witness the horrid slaughter of his brave troops. He remained among the French till General Webb

sent a party of English to demand him, and escort him back to Fort Edward.

The day after the massacre, Major Putnam was despatched, with his rangers, to watch the motions of the enemy. Ignorant of what had happened, he came to the borders of Lake George, while their rear, as they sailed off, was scarcely beyond the reach of musket shot. The prospect was distressing. The fort was demolished; the barracks and out-houses were a heap of smoking ruins; the cannon, stores, boats and vessels were carried away; the fires still burned; and the odor which came from the plain was almost suffocating.

Innumerable fragments of human skulls, and other bones, and carcasses half consumed, were still broiling in the decayed fires; dead bodies, mangled with scalping knives and tomahawks, lay strewed on all sides. More than a hundred women were among the slain.

CHAPTER XVII.

Campaign of the Year 1758. Louisburgh taken again. Expedition against Ticonderoga unsuccessful. Death of Lord Howe. Anecdote of Putnam. Capture of Fort Frontenac. Expedition against Fort Du Quesne. Anecdote.

THE English were determined to manage the campaign of 1758 in a manner which should leave both the French and the Indians little to boast of.

An armament of one hundred and fifty-seven sail was collected at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, under the chief command of General Amherst and Admiral Boscawen. May 28th, they left Halifax, and, upon the 2d of the next month, a part of the transports had anchored at Garbarous Bay, about seven miles to the west of Louisburgh. This city was the grand object of attack. It was taken by the English, under Governor Shirley, in 1744, as I have told you; but it had been restored to the French, at the peace of 1748.

By the 8th of June, all the troops had effected their landing. The siege began, with great vigor and energy, under the management, chiefly, of General Wolfe, a brave young Englishman, who distinguished himself, the next season, by the capture of Quebec. Louisburgh had then a garrison of nearly three thousand in the city; and these were soon after reinforced by a party of Canadians, with about sixty Indians.

The harbor was secured by eleven large French ships of war. But the siege was carried on with so much skill and caution, that these ships were soon destroyed. The garrison was compelled to surrender on the 26th of July. By that time, Lord Rollo had effected the conquest of the island St. John, which lies in the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It contained four thousand inhabitants, and abounded in cattle and corn.

Meanwhile, General Abercrombie had underta-

ken the reduction of those French forts on Lake Champlain, which commanded the passage to Canada. By the beginning of July, he had collected seven thousand regulars, and ten thousand provincials, as the American militia were called. These, with a fine train of artillery, stores and provisions, were embarked on Lake George, on board of nine hundred batteaux, and one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats. Several pieces of cannon were mounted on rafts, to cover their landing. It was a splendid sight, as they sailed up the sunny and beautiful lake, the bugles ringing, and the colors flying, and the whole army in fine spirits. They landed abreast of Ticonderoga the next day.

Here, after some rest and refreshment, they formed into three columns, and moved forward toward the enemy. The advanced part of the French army consisted of one battalion, which lay encamped behind a breastwork of logs. As the English marched up, they set fire to their breastwork and tents, and fled in disorder. The English kept on; but their route now lay through a thick wood, where it was impossible to march in perfect order. The columns crowded upon each other, and the guides were embarrassed.

Lord Howe was in the front of the centre column, having Major Putnam with him. The advanced party of the enemy, about five hundred in number, who had retreated from the breastwork, had rallied,

and were now skirmishing with the English troops, on the left. "What does that firing mean?" said Howe to Putnam. "I know not," said the other; "but, with your lordship's leave, I will go and see."

"And I will go with you, my good fellow," said the gallant young nobleman. But Putnam endeavored to dissuade him. "If my life is lost," said he, "it will be of little consequence to the army; but the preservation of yours, my lord, is important. I beseech you, let me go alone." "Say no more, my dear Putnam," said Howe; "your life is as dear to you as mine can be to me; I must go with you." One hundred of the van, under Putnam, immediately filed off with Lord Howe. They soon fell in with the left flank of the enemy's advanced party, whose first fire proved fatal to his lordship. He died upon the spot. He was deeply and universally lamented.

His skill as an officer was equal to his merits as a man. From his first arrival, he had accommodated himself and his regiment to the nature of the service. He cut his hair short, adapted his clothing to circumstances, and divested himself and his troops of all useless baggage, that they might not be entangled in the woods, or captured by the Indians.

Even his death was not without its effect upon his troops. They saw him fall, and pressed forward, with Putnam, to avenge him. They

soon cut their way obliquely through the enemy's ranks, and, being now reinforced, charged so furiously in their rear, that three hundred of the French were killed on the spot, and one hundred and forty-eight made prisoners. But the English columns had lost their order of march in the woods, meanwhile. In some instances, they had even fired upon each other. General Abercrombie thought it safest, therefore, to march them back, for the night, to the place where they had landed.

The fort was well situated for defence. It was compassed by water upon three sides, and by an almost impassable morass on the fourth. It was further secured by a breastwork eight feet high, planted with artillery; and the ground in front was covered with a deep and thick abattis of large trees, cut and disposed for defence. These had been sharpened and interwoven with great labor. The garrison was six thousand strong.

The English having stores with them only for a few days, it was resolved, instead of besieging the place, to attempt storming it. The army marched to the assault with great spirit, though harassed by a steady and severe fire from the French artillery. They pressed on through this, till they reached the abattis. This checked them; the trees branched outwards, and presented a very strong barrier. They attempted to cut their way through the branches with swords, and continued this struggle

for four hours under a tremendous fire from the fort.

Only a few forced a passage through all opposition, and mounted the parapet. But the English general saw it was in vain to persevere; and he ordered a retreat, which was executed in good order. The enemy lost but few men, who were shot chiefly in the head. The English lost eighteen hundred killed and wounded. Of a single Scotch regiment, one half the privates, and twenty-five of the officers, were either slain or desperately wounded. The English army re-embarked on board their batteaux, and reached their camp, on Lake George, the next evening after the fatal battle.

Colonel Bradstreet was more successful, about this time, in an expedition against Fort Frontenac, on the St. Lawrence. The garrison consisted only of one hundred and sixteen men, and a few Indians; and, having no intelligence of the colonel's rapid approach by the way of Lake Ontario, they were compelled to surrender at once. The fort contained sixty cannon, sixteen mortars, a vast quantity of military stores and goods, and provisions designed for the French troops farther west, and the French shipping on the lake.

The last principal event of the campaign of 1758, was the capture of Fort Du Quesne. This was effected by an English force under General Forbes, who performed a long and laborious march across the wilderness, from Philadelphia. Several

soldiers fell into the hands of the Indians, who harassed the English on the march.—I will tell you a story of one McPherson, a Scotchman, who was captured by the savages.

The Indians carried him into the woods, with his comrades. Most of these he saw murdered in the most barbarous manner; and he found they were preparing the same fate for himself. They stopped to despatch him at last. Despairing of his life, and having no remaining wish but to die with as little pain as possible, he hit upon a plan, at this moment, to escape torture. He made signs that he had something to communicate, and an interpreter was brought to him.

McPherson told him that, if his life were spared a few minutes, he would show him a strange medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk. If they would let him go to collect the proper plants in the woods, with a guard, he would prepare the medicine, and allow the trial to be made on his own neck, by the stoutest among them. They had determined on torturing him; but, their curiosity being excited, they permitted him to go for the plants, as he wished.

He soon returned with such as he chose to pick up. Having boiled them, he rubbed his neck with the juice, and, laying his head upon a log, desired the strongest man among them to strike with all his force upon his neck with a tomahawk. “They

would then see whether they could give him the smallest wound." He challenged them to try the experiment. A stout Indian came out from the wondering circle; he levelled a blow with all his might, and struck with such force, that the head flew several feet from the body. The savages soon saw the plan of McPherson, and were amazed at their own simplicity. But, instead of being angry, they were so pleased with the prisoner's ingenuity in escaping torture, that they refrained from torturing the remainder of the captives.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Campaign of 1759. Death of General Wolfe, and Surrender of Quebec. Expedition of General Amherst. Attack upon the St. François Tribe of Indians; their Village destroyed. Anecdotes. Close of the French War.

IN the year 1759, General Wolfe, with eight thousand men, was sent out from England, to undertake the conquest of Quebec. If this city submitted, it was thought that the whole of the two Canadas must follow its example. The French made every preparation for defence. The city was strongly fortified, and was so situated as to be scarcely accessible to a fleet.

The gallant French Marquis de Montcalm was stationed before it, with ten thousand regular

troops, and a large body of Indians. Another French army hovered about Montreal, farther up the St. Lawrence. Besides these, Baron de Lévy was at the head of a flying light-armed detachment, acquainted with all the woods and passes, and scouring the banks of the river up and down, in every direction. By the last of June, the English army, under Wolfe, had landed upon the isle of Orleans, a little below Quebec. From that time till September, Wolfe struggled with sickness and various other difficulties, enough to have dispirited almost any general, or any army. But neither he nor his brave men were discouraged. They formed the resolution, at last, to ascend the river St. Lawrence, and effect a landing on the north shore, above the city. This would oblige the enemy to hazard a general engagement, and the fate of Canada would be decided.

After many stratagems and skirmishes, the English troops effected a landing near Sillery, on the 12th of September, an hour after midnight. The whole of the army, with all the cannon, had ascended the river in the darkness of night, and, amid the noise of the rapid waters, so silently, that the movement was as yet unknown by the enemy. Wolfe was the first of the party who landed.

In an instant, all was activity and bustle. The troops who first landed climbed up the steep bank and precipice, by means of the bushes and boughs of

trees, with great spirit. A French captain, with a guard, had been stationed there to defend the narrow path of ascent: these were soon routed. Wolfe climbed up among the rest, and, as soon as he had ascended the banks, fixed himself on the edge, and drew up his soldiers, one by one, as they followed him.

They were now upon the heights of Abraham; and these commanded the city. Montcalm no sooner found, by the ringing of the bugles, and the gleaming of the English arms on the heights, at the break of day, that the enemy was close upon the town, than he saw the necessity of mustering his whole force for battle. The two armies were soon drawn out in front of each other, in splendid array. The two gallant commanders were at the head of each; Wolfe on the right of the English, and Montcalm on the left of the French.

At 9 o'clock, the latter came on to the charge, in good order, but with an irregular fire. The English reserved their fire till they had come within forty yards. They then poured in upon the enemy a tremendous volley. A furious encounter followed. The English were ordered, by their officers, to load with double ball. They plied their pieces with such spirit, that the enemy at last gave way, Indians and all, and fled in the utmost disorder. The Marquis de Montcalm was slain.

Wolfe stationed himself in the hottest part of the battle, where he fought like a hero. But,



Death of Wolfe.

standing conspicuous in the front line, he was aimed at by the enemy's marksmen, and at last received a shot in the wrist. This did not compel him to leave the field; he wrapped it about with his handkerchief, continued to give orders with perfect coolness, and advanced at the head of the British grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed.

But, just as the French began to retreat, a bullet entered the breast of the young hero. He could go no farther; he leaned upon the shoulder of a lieutenant, who was next him. Now struggling in the agonies of death, and just expiring, he heard a voice cry, "They run!" He opened his eyes, and seemed to revive for a moment. "Who run?" whispered he. "The French," said the lieutenant. He muttered an expression of astonishment, that they fled so soon; and then, unable to gaze any longer, sunk on the officer's breast. "I thank God," said the dying man, "I die happy." Five days after this, the city of Quebec surrendered.

Meanwhile, General Amherst had succeeded in capturing Ticonderoga and Crown Point, upon Lake Champlain, with the loss only of Colonel Townsend. This accomplished young officer was killed by a cannon ball, as he rode about the fort, to reconnoitre the French. He fell in nearly the same spot where Howe had fallen the year before. The French retreated to an island in the upper part of the lake, and Amherst determined to em-

ploy his troops, for the present, in giving a salutary lesson to the savages of Canada.

With this view, he sent Major Rogers, of New Hampshire, with two hundred men, against the tribe of St. François. Their village was on the south side of the St. Lawrence, near Trois Rivières. They were a collection of the fiercest savages of Canada and Maine, gathered together by the governors of Canada, to protect the Canadian frontiers, and to be ready, at all times, for an assault upon the English colonies. They had distinguished themselves by their horrible and indiscriminate cruelties.

Rogers proceeded down Lake Champlain in batteaux. He met with no accident till the fifth day, when, as he lay encamped at night on the east shore, a keg of gunpowder accidentally exploded, and wounded several of his men. These were sent back; but the major, not at all discouraged, pressed forward, with only one hundred and forty-two brave men remaining, till he landed at Missieve Bay.

Here he concealed his boats among the bushes, and left in them provisions enough to supply his party on their return to Crown Point. He also left two of his scouts to keep guard over the boats. He had marched but two days beyond this, when these scouts came running after him, with the intelligence that four hundred French and Indians had

discovered the boats, and sent them away with fifty men, and that the remainder were in eager pursuit of his own party.

Rogers said nothing of all this to his men, and ordered the scouts to say nothing. He sent a messenger back to Crown Point, requesting General Amherst to have provisions left for him at Coos, now Newbury, on Connecticut river, and hastened forward, night and day, determined to outstrip his pursuers.

He came within sight of the Indian town at eight in the evening of October 4th. Ordering his men to halt and refresh themselves in the woods, near by, he dressed himself in the Indian garb, and went to reconnoitre the town. The Indians were engaged in a grand dance, without the slightest apprehensions of danger. He went near enough to hear them howling, and see them dancing about their great fires.

At two in the morning, he returned to his detachment, and marched them within five hundred yards of the town. About four o'clock, the Indians broke up their noisy festival, and retired to rest. By day-break, every savage in the village was asleep. Not a sound was to be heard; no living thing moved in all the wigwams, and scarcely a leaf stirred in the forest.

An assault was now commenced from all quarters. The savages were completely surprised, and easily subdued. Of three hundred in all, eighty

only escaped. Rogers showed the cruel wretches no mercy. Those who attempted to fly, were shot down by the troops stationed at the avenues in the woods.

These Indians were Catholics, and their church was handsomely adorned with plate stolen from the colonists. The wigwams were well furnished, and the whole village was full of English plunder. A large quantity of wampum and clothing was found, with two hundred guineas in money, and a silver Catholic image, of ten pounds weight. The town was reduced to ashes before seven o'clock. Rogers then mustered his men, and found that one only was killed. They rested for an hour, set out on their return, and finally reached Charlestown, after a long and severe journey through the wilderness.

Here I shall close my history, adding only, that Montreal and the rest of the Canadas were conquered by the English in the course of the year 1760, and that peace was concluded between them and the French in 1763.

